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No. 383

AN OLD MAN'S MEMORY.  
BY EBEN E. REXFORD,  
AUTHOR OF "SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD."

The frosts of age are on his brow;  
Life's year has passed its summer-part;  
He only has his memories now—  
To keep the winter from his heart.  
Our memory ways comes to him;  
With thoughts of the past he's about,  
And in the heaven-arch, shadow-dim,  
The stars come peeping shyly out.  
It always brings the summer back;  
Sweet with the breath of balmy skies;  
No winds from tropic shores he lacks  
To warm his heart through winter hours.  
Again he hears a voice, more sweet  
Than voice of breeze, or bird, or bee,  
Whose cadence nothing can repeat,  
Except the old man's memory.  
It thrills him like a draught of wine,  
And listening, he grows young once more.  
In yellow locks his fingers twine,  
Whose gold the grave will never o'er!  
What sweet words she whispers o'er!  
Her breath is balm upon his cheek;  
Oh, whispers from the shadow-shore,  
No words but true ones can you speak!  
Her head upon his happy heart,  
Tucks a tired child to rest,  
And into gladdest singing starts.  
The birds of love within his breast.  
Well, let him dream. To dream is best  
When waking hours are drear and long,  
But dreams like his are full of rest,  
And sweet with blossom, scent and song.  
In dreams he never can grow old.  
Life's winter-time is far away;  
His heart forgets the frost and cold,  
And counts it summer all the day.

Detective Dick;  
OR,  
THE HERO IN RAGS.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,  
AUTHOR OF "WILLFUL WILL," "NOBODY'S  
BOY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A WARM INTERVIEW.

"LUCK! You kin bet your bottom dime on that. I've had a streak just as big as the side of a mountain."

"Hold yer horses a bit, Dick. Good luck can keep sweet till we're ready to use it. It's bad luck that goes sour. I never talk business on an empty pipe."

The speaker—a middle-aged man, with thick, grizzled whiskers, and a face as rough as a chestnut-burr—produced a handsome meerschaum from his pocket, and proceeded deliberately to charge it with tobacco.

Dick sat with a grim smile on his young face, curiously watching this process.

The pipe lit, his companion took two or three long whiffs, sending the smoke curling through the air, his face full of deep satisfaction.

"There. That's what I call comfort," he said, taking the pipe from his mouth to speak. "Now, Dick, you can unload."

"Ain't in no hurry 'bout that," said Dick, grinning. "Guess my luck'll keep sweet awhile longer."

"What do you mean, you blowed young rag doctor?" growled the man.

"Somehow I can't never talk biz-ness till I've had a puff," answered the boy, deliberately producing from somewhere in his odd apparel a half-smoked cigar. "S'pose you favor your uncle with a light."

The man looked half-angry for a moment; then, with a short laugh, he handed Dick his pipe.

Dick proceeded, with great nonchalance, to light his stump of a cigar, and while doing so it will be a good time to introduce him to the reader:

He was a short, well-set boy, of apparently some sixteen years of age, though there was the worldly wisdom of a man in his not overly clean face. Dick laid no claims to beauty of countenance, but he had all the keenness of the genuine street-boy. His dress was a conglomerate, seemingly made up of stray bits of cast-off clothing, and long since worn into rags. A coat, which had been made for a taller person, came down nearly to his heels. A wide, lumpy, rough-and-ready hat was set jauntily over one ear as if Dick was proud of its possession.

"There," exclaimed Dick, handing back the pipe. "That's what I call comfort." He put his heels on the table, tilted back his chair to a dangerous angle, and poured out smoke from his lips till his head seemed enveloped in a cloud.

"Well, if you ain't a cool coon," declared the man, with a look of some admiration. "If he ain't got the impudence of old Nick himself, then I'll rent out my head for lodgings."

"Duno who you'd git to rent such an empty old barn if a place as that," was Dick's provoking retort.

"I'll set on you after awhile, and mash you sure as my name's Ned Hogan, with a touch of spleen. You'd best dry up while your skin's whole. There's enough of this slack, now; let's hear what you done."

Dick bent his eyes meditatively on the ceiling while he ejected a ring of smoke from his lips.

"What's your favorite brand of cigars?" he asked, innocently, as if he had not heard Hogan's question.

"Do you want me to smother you?" cried the latter, pulling up his sleeves with grim meaning.

"I don't smoke none but Concha de Flores," continued Dick, with sublime disregard of Hogan's threat. "This is a genuine Concher. Jist smell that flavor if you want rose-water and cologne rolled into one and ironed out flat. Why, it's enough to make a man forget his grandmother."

"What gutter do you patronize for your Conchers now?" asked Hogan, taking the pipe from his lips.

"That's an out-and-out Continentaler. Guy



Dick bent his eyes meditatively on the ceiling while he ejected a ring of smoke from his lips.

by a young buck for holding his boss. I always take pay in cigars—and nickels. Conchers, you see, is pretty of my biz ness. But nickels is necessary!"

"I might have had it long ago if you hadn't hauled me up so short with your chocolate-colored old pipe," with a comical grimace.

"Did you see Harris?"

"I've got a ridecklus whin' that's the job I took in," and Dick fastened another button with great dignity. "When you find Dick Darling go back on his jobs you kin git out your mud-scrappers and scratch the river bottom for him. I'm one of the kind that kin bear death but not disgrace."

"Yer a blamed long-winded short-haired, know-it-all, know-it-all, know-it-all, know-it-all, know-it-all," growled Hogan, wrathfully. "And if you don't come to the point soon there'll be a death in the Darling fam'ly, without the trouble of your drowning yourself."

Ned Hogan raised his short, sturdy figure from his chair, and laid down his pipe, as if this were the first movement toward putting his threat in execution.

"Thank you. Don't keer if I do, long as my Concher's smoked out," said Dick, quietly picking up the pipe and inserting it between his lips. "There alfers was somethin' bout a gummie moushawm I told her."

He puffed away in seeming unconsciousness of the wrathful attitude of his companion, who stood as if quite overcome by this sublimity of impudence. Finally, with a short, savage laugh, he sank again into his chair, exclaiming:

"I'll be shot if I don't b'lieve that boy would stop to argy the p'int if there was a pile-driver comin' down on his head. Come, Dick, now, what did Harris say?"

"Oh! he wasted a good many parts of speech tryin' to argy me into that boys' tongues were only made for ornament; which, in course, didn't seem to reason. He giv me a letter, though, what I giv will come to the heel of it quick'er."

Dick laid down the pipe, which Hogan made haste to appropriate. Then followed a general unbuckling and diving into multifarious pockets, with which Dick's apparel seemed plentifully supplied. A general assortment of boys' pocket merchandise adorned one corner of the shelf as Dick emptied pocket after pocket in his search.

"Well, if it don't beat bugs and butterflies!" he exclaimed indignantly. "I know I sunk it in one of them pockets, and there ain't a pick-pocket this side of Hong Kong could find a thing after it's once buried in my pockets. Can't find it myself half the time."

"If you've lost it I'll be hanged if I won't grind you into soap-fat!" roared Hogan.

"Wish I'd got it insured. Mought as well made something on it," muttered Dick, as he continued his investigation. "Think I'll take out a policy on everything that goes inter my pockets arter this. Mough break up the insurance companies, though."

Dick took off his hat to scratch his head for an idea to help him out of the difficulty, when out dropped the missing letter, falling on the floor at Hogan's feet.

Dick looked down on it with an odd contortion of countenance.

"I'll sell my pet cat, if there ain't some slight-of-hand about this," he protested, ruefully. "I seed old Signor Bittin across the street. Bet he had a hand in that letter in my hat. Sich things don't do theirselves."

Hogan paid little attention to the boy's mutterings, as he picked up the letter and tore it open, evidently anxious to learn its contents.

Dick moved to the other side of the table, as if for defense against the gathering storm that showed itself in Hogan's countenance, and stood stily eying the strongly-marked face of the man, as his eyes ran down the epistle.

There were mutterings and grumblyings as of distant thunder, as he continued to read. Finally, with a sudden outburst of wrath, he slapped the letter violently down upon the table, a prodigious oath breaking from his lips like that central peak of the thunder which makes the roof of the man, as his eyes ran down the epistle.

"I'm a d—d cantankerously smashed into tin sixpences, if this don't take the biggest rag off the littlest bush that ever I run across!" he ejaculated. "Oh! if you ain't a genius for business, shaking his fist at Dick. "Lucky for you that the table's between us, if you think anything of your bones."

"What's wrong?" echoed Hogan, loudly.

"What's wrong?" repeated Dick, indignantly.

"Kin I read?"

"I'm a d—d cantankerously smashed into tin sixpences, if this don't take the biggest rag off the littlest bush that ever I run across!" he ejaculated. "Oh! if you ain't a genius for business, shaking his fist at Dick. "Lucky for you that the table's between us, if you think anything of your bones."

"What's wrong?" repeated Dick, indignantly.

"What's wrong?" echoed Hogan, loudly.

"It means 'go on,' does it? All right," said Dick, going on, with sundry interpolations of his own.

"Filderdely, April one, eighteen hundred and—a blot," began Dick, with slow and emphatic manner. "Wonder if it ain't an April fool shtick."

"Read that, then, and out loud. I want to see how it strikes you."

"All O.K., uncle," assented Dick, confidently, buttoning up his coat till he looked like a trusted turkey. "Don't find me goin' back on literato."

He crammed his hat down savagely on his head, snatched the sheet of paper before him, shut his right eye and scratched his left ear, as if these were necessary preliminaries to a dipping into literature.

"Filderdely, April one, eighteen hundred and—a blot," began Dick, with slow and emphatic manner. "Wonder if it ain't an April fool shtick."

"Go on," commanded Hogan, energetically.

"Edward Hogan, Esq. What's Esq?"

"It means 'go on,' does it? All right," said Dick, going on, with sundry interpolations of his own.

"Filderdely, April one, eighteen hundred and—a blot," began Dick, with slow and emphatic manner. "Wonder if it ain't an April fool shtick."

Hogan made no answer but a grim smile.

"As for in-trust-ing any bus-i-ness of im-portance (guess big words is sold cheap in his country) to such a messenger, I would as soon put my hand in a hornet's nest after honey."

"That's fun. Tried it myself once. Kinder please your feelings here."

"Blow me if it ain't like pouring water on a duck's back," growled Hogan. "I was fool enough to think there was some shame in the boy."

Dick seated himself before proceeding, leaning back with his heels on the table, to the greater enjoyment of his literary task.

"I asked him to tell me where you were living, and he asked me if I wanted to buy him for a donkey. (Bet he could be bought cheap just

keep a spare eye for the Lucy, and specially for the red-haired mate. I judge this to be: 'I have been watching, but have seen nothing.' 'cranberry,' what's that? 'Oh! suspicious.' 'Seen nothing suspicious.' 'Will keep my—' curtain concert.' What the blazes is that?"

Hogan thumbed his book for several minutes, then ejaculated:

"Eyes open!—Keep my eyes open! Hope you will, Harris. I am afear'd, though, you'll have dust thrown in them. Wish was down there myself, but I've got to pay my compliments to our mutual friend, Harry Spence.

Hogan had been standing by the telegraph office, and was making his way as rapidly as a telegraph car could carry him to an up-town locality.

Arrived in front of a stylish row of houses on North Eleventh street, he was met, as if by pure chance, by a plainly-dressed man, who had been lounging carelessly on the nearest corner.

"What news?" was Hogan's first remark to this individual.

"All serene. The bird is caged yet. Wish to Heaven he'd show a wing."

"You are too uneasy, Tom. I hope you have seen nothing."

"Do you take me for a fool, Ned Hogan?"

answered Tom, angrily. "I haven't been shadowing rascals for ten years not to know the first ropes yet. Taint for any young fox like this to run to earth under an old hound's nose."

"Be any signs?"

"A rusty-looking lad, that might have been a telegraph boy, went in an hour ago. He ain't come out since. There was a very bright-faced young lady, too, went in an hour ago. She left just before you came."

"Bet on getting an eye for the ladies, Tom," said Hogan. "You can slide now. I'll take up the next watch."

They walked carelessly on together, Hogan filling his favorite meerschaum. He took a long, delighted puff at it, and then said:

"Be on hand at six, if nothing turns up before. I'll smoke him if he shows his nose."

Tom walked on, and Hogan turned on his heel, stationing himself in an indolent attitude against an awning-post, and smoking diligently as his eyes rested on the houses before him.

We will take the privilege of entering the particular house to which his attention was directed.

From the parlor of this rather plainly-furnished residence, a half-hour or so before Hogan took up his watch, there came the tones of a remarkably sweet lady's voice, accompanying the piano, in what seemed more of an exercise than a song.

The tones of the voice vibrated musically throughout the house, and might have stirred the dull ear of the watcher in the street had his soul been sensitive to the influence of music.

There mingled with it now the manly tones of a fine tenor voice, while more vigorous sounds came from the piano.

But we will intrude on this music-lesson, as it seems to be.

The young lady whose voice is so full of bird-like sweetness is a tall, beautiful girl, very stylishly dressed, a light-haired, blue-eyed witch, in whom the eyes of the gentleman are fixed in deep admiration.

He is a very handsome fellow, and has about him that ease and dignity of manner which seem to be the prerogative of culture. He is dressed rather simply, but wears a chin with an air that gives him a certain air of style.

"That is well done, very well done," he says, approvingly. "The range of your voice has increased within the last few weeks."

"Do you really think so?" she asked, pleased with his praise.

"Yes; you struck that upper note clearly today. Last week you could not sound it."

"It seemed to me as if I must have reached the roof of the house," she returned, laughing.

"And now I think I must go."

"Oh, no! not yet," and he spoke appealingly.

"I wish you to try this new song with me. It is a beautiful thing, and will just suit your voice."

"Love Waits," reading its title, with a shrug of her shoulders. "Something sweetly sentimental, I suppose. What is love waiting for?"

"Heaven knows. If I were a lover, now, I could tell you what I would be waiting for."

"For a smile from the sweetest eyes under the sun," she read, looking intently at the music.

"Let me see them," and laying his hand light on her arm, he peered earnestly

She seized her music and turned toward the door.

He stood irresolutely, his face flushed, his foot nervously tapping the floor.

"You shall not go till you have told me what you mean," he declared, suddenly taking her hand.

"Why, you wished me to sing it a minute ago—with a quick glance. 'I hope I caught the sentiment properly.'

"But your paraphrase? Your change of my words?"

"Excuse me. That is one of the things no woman explains," withdrawing her hand reluctantly from his grasp.

"One moment, Helen; I have dared to think—I have dared to hope—"

She stood listening with downcast eyes, and with an undefined expression on her face. She was certainly not deeply displeased.

Yet he was not destined to finish his hesitating sentence.

The door near which they stood suddenly opened, and a boy, of the most unmilitated boyishness, stepped sauntily into the room. It was no other than ragged, independent Dick Darling.

"Sue me," he said, with a meaning glance from one to the other of the pair upon whom he had intruded. "Suppose maybe if I was to call again, it might be more agreeable. I'll retire to a sofa in the parlor till you git through."

"Stay where you are, you wicked young rascal!" cried Mr. Spencer, laughing in spite of his chagrin. "Shall I see you to the door, Miss Andrews?"

"Don't you mind me," suggested Dick, reassuringly. "I never peep, no matter what signs I see."

He seated himself on the piano-stool as they left the room.

"I'll be shot if they wasn't making love! I s'pose, if I ever seed'sch fun!" a broad smile breaking over his face, as he brought his hand down for an emphatic slap upon his knee.

It fell, however, on the bank of keys of the piano, yielding such a clash of sound that the boy made a startled movement backward. The result was an overturning of the piano-stool, and a helpless rolling of Dick over and over upon the carpet.

"What's that blamed kind of nitro-glycerine he keeps in that mahogany box?" he muttered, as he cautiously picked himself up. "If it often goes off that way it's what I should call a concealed deadly weapon. An' that's ag'in the law."

Dick eyed it askance, as if not quite satisfied with its propinquity.

"There he goes. In mischief before he is in the house five minutes," declared Mr. Spencer as he paused near the front door at the sudden uproar in the parlor.

"Who is he?" asked Miss Andrews.

"Oh! a young gentleman who is designed to take me up, and who calls on me at the most inconvenient moments—rage and all."

"He is ragged enough," she admitted, with a shrug. "But I am intruding on your time."

Her voice was lowered in tone, as she stood a moment, her hand on the door-knob, as if hesitating to open.

"When shall I see you again?" he asked.

"Oh! this day week, I presume; if nothing happens."

"Then, may nothing happen," he returned, with a deep meaning in his voice. "Love Waits shall be our next lesson."

"Love waits no more," she sang, with a rosy aspect, as she quickly opened the door. "Good-day," and she tripped hastily into the street.

His face had a very happy look, as he turned back from the door.

"I would have liked to annihilate the boy, though," he muttered.

When he entered the room Dick was standing in the middle of the floor, looking defiantly at the offending piano.

"What do you call that critter?" he asked, pointing to the instrument.

"That's a piano."

"Oh! that's a painer, is it? Does it often go off?"

"It is a little dangerous to boys, sometimes," admitted Mr. Spencer, running his fingers lightly over the keys.

Dick listened, with a pleased ear, to the rich tones of the instrument.

"S'pose I didn't know it was bottled-up music. Got many tunes in it? Let's hear 'Hall Co-humby,'"

Mr. Spencer ran over the air requested, to the infinite delight of his hearer.

"Well, that beats a hand-organ holler—monkey all!"

"And now I want to know what made you bolt into this room without an invitation?" demanded Mr. Spencer.

"You oughtn't post your kitchen gals better. She sold me on was here. I took that for an invitation enough."

"In future you would do best to knock before entering my private room. What brings you here-to-day?" He spoke a little impatiently.

"S'pose I knew you was in here sparkling that pretty gal?" and Dick buttoned his coat defiantly. "Couldn't have dragged me in with a yoke of oxen if I'd known it."

"She's a pupil of mine, Dick. I was giving her a singing-lesson."

"Oh! a singin'-lesson!" said Dick, with an incredulous wink. "Hope she likes singin'-lessons."

"What do you want, boy? I have no time to spare."

"Come here to-day to tell you your fortune."

"I guess I will excuse you that duty, then," with a smile. "I have no fortune to tell."

"More than you think, maybe. Give me your hand."

Mr. Spencer extended his hand to the boy, who took it in his own soiled palm.

"The lines don't come out clear," he muttered, after poring over it. "Maybe you'd best cross it with silver."

Mr. Spencer laid a piece of silver in his open palm.

"That helps it amazingly," said Dick, as he quickly pocketed the coin. "Tell you what, there's fun here; and there's danger. Here's a light-haired lady gettin' into the house of life, and here comes a marriage with three bridesmaids."

"Drop that, Dick," and Mr. Spencer attempted to withdraw his hand.

"There's danger," continued Dick. "This line leads to trouble. There's a red-headed man in it. Best keep clear of red-headed men for the next month."

"Quick, boy; get done with this nonsense!"

"There's no nonsense in it," protested Dick, sturdily, poring more closely over the hand.

"You're going to Chester to-day?"

"How could you tell that?" he asked, surprised.

"It is all here," declared Dick, slyly. "When you go there, keep clear of a red-headed man. If such a one wants to talk to you just knock him down, or vamose. There's a plot here."

"This is some rascally nonsense," averred Mr. Spencer, drawing away his hand. "What do you mean by it all?"

"Don't you go to Chester. That's what I mean."

"I do not think I will give up my journey on account of your fortune-telling."

"There's danger I tell you," spoke out Dick, earnestly. "There's a red-headed man there, ma'am, the seducer Lucy. That's all I can tell you. You must keep clear of him. There's a game a'go' in you. If such a chap wants to talk to you don't give him no closer quarters than you would a skeeter. There's danger afoot."

"I'm not in that line of business," laughing.

"Come up here so I can see you. What is your name?"

Dick Darling, or Darling Dick. I'm called both ways."

"What do you do for a living?"

"Anything that's honest and easy. I'll black your boots, if you want, hold your horses, carry your bundles, or most anything else."

"And what are you after to-day?"

Dick's reply was to help himself to a chair,

and to establish himself in the exact attitude of his questioner, with his feet on an adjoining window, and his chair tilted back.

"Cause them eyes in the front mustn't see me, that's all. Do you know that this palatial mansion is shaded?"

"Shadowed! What is that?"

"Watched!" explained Dick, mysteriously.

"There's eyes on you that you won't easy fling off. Can't tell no more, but just you beware. His voice had grown very low and mysterious.

"And whatever turns up don't use my name. If I'm wanted, I'll be on hand!"

"All right," said Dick, going to the front window, and looking out into the street. "Is down an easy back way out of your house?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Cause them eyes in the front mustn't see me, that's all. Do you know that this palatial mansion is shaded?"

"Shadowed! What is that?"

"Watched!" explained Dick, mysteriously.

"There's eyes on you that you won't easy fling off. Can't tell no more, but just you beware. His voice had grown very low and mysterious.

"And whatever turns up don't use my name. If I'm wanted, I'll be on hand!"

"All right," said Mr. Spencer, laughing.

"I will be faithful to the death; and will avoid all red-headed men. This way, Dick."

In a few minutes more Dick was treading his way through back alleys, out of that neighborhood.

In a very short time after, Mr. Spencer left the house, and walked quickly down the street.

He cast a sharp glance around, but saw nothing more suspicious than a thick-set man leaning against a post, and smoking a meerschaum.

### CHAPTER III.

DICK GOES INTO BUSINESS.

Two gentlemen were seated in a quiet conversation near the entrance of a hotel on Broadwick street, Arch street, Philadelphia.

One of them, a large, full-faced man, sat with his feet on the window-sill, in a remarkably easy attitude. The other was a small, delicately-framed man, who seemed to be greatly annoyed by some circumstance.

"Do you know, my dear boy, that we have so far been bamboozled? That's just the word for it—bamboozled," remarked the large man, with an ease that was not shared by his companion.

"A new ten-dollar issue on the market. The Pinkerton bank. It's deuced provoking," declared the small man. "And after six months' work we haven't the shadow of a cent."

"I wish you'd take a close look at my eyes, Mr. Jack Bounce, and see the color of them. If you could get me any there then buy me cheap, that's all."

"Which means that you don't intend to tell me what you mean?"

"What means?" answered Dick, "that I'm at once at that bizness?"

"I wish you'd take a notion to sell your old coat, my friend. Organ-grinder. Gossips about you know?"

"I'm in for makin' my fortune, and goin' to fashion."

"What do you think of this fellow, Will?"

"I've got a new coat, too," replied Bounce.

"I think he will never die from impudence striking in." Will answered. "He's took it, like the small-pox, to the bone."

"May be, but I can see he can't quit," retorted Dick, firmly.

"I've got a notion to sell your old coat, my friend. Organ-grinder. Gossips about you know?"

"I'm in for makin' my fortune, and goin' to fashion."

"What do you think of this fellow, Will?"

"I've got a new coat, too," replied Bounce.

"I think he will never die from impudence striking in." Will answered.

"I've got a notion to sell your old coat, my friend. Organ-grinder. Gossips about you know?"

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"What do you think of this fellow, Will?"

"I've got a new coat, too," replied Bounce.

"I think he will never die from impudence striking in." Will answered.

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"What do you think of this fellow, Will?"

"I've got a new coat, too," replied Bounce.

The idea baffled him at the first.

If Jocelyne were there, how could he regain his power over her?

If she was at Westwood—and he was positive of it—his position was terrible. Suppose, in a moment of rapturous ecstasy, when Jocelyne was indulging herself by appearing to him, as he believed she would do, if he had ever so long known she meant to, by her carrying her burial robe with her—suppose Jocelyne should disclose herself to Ithamar, and tell him the whole incredible story?

A cold sweat broke out in huge drops on his forehead at the thought, and he found himself obliged to have recourse to a glass of brandy to steady his nerves.

For hours he thought and planned and devised schemes suited to the furtherance of his wishes; and at last, his plan of action was arranged to order.

And the first step was a letter, which he wrote and sent by a messenger to Westwood, with instructions to wait for an answer.

The letter read as follows, and was without date:

"Rose, if you value your present safety, arrange to see me to-night at the summer-house where we met last, as near two o'clock as you can. You will not fail to come when I tell you this is a matter of life or death."

E. S. F.

He inclosed it in a well-sealed envelope, and addressed it, in a broad hand to Mr. Ithamar, and then waited for the result of its delivery. Jocelyne had appeared to Mr. Ithamar, and lunch was spread in the dining-room for himself and Rose. They had not met before that morning, and Rose had partaken of her breakfast in steadily solitariness, little knowing of the cause of her betrothed's absence.

Since he had been so startlingly awakened, just before daybreak, by the vision of his lost love, Mr. Ithamar had been suffering all the tortures of keen distress and bewilderment. He had seen her so plainly, as plainly as ever he had seen her, and he could hardly convince himself that he did not actually feel the pressure of her lips on his own.

The ride was delightful, and they returned in time for the seven-o'clock dinner. After dinner, the other asked for some music, and they spent the evening in the drawing-room, separating at eleven o'clock—Mr. Ithamar to retire to his room, in almost feverish hope that the sweet experience of the previous night might be repeated; Rose, to prepare for her interview with her husband.

The hours were not long in passing. Twelve and one and two struck in soft silver chimes from the cuckoo clock on Rose's mantel-shelf, and then satisfied that Pauline was soundly asleep, and the house safe for her to make her exit, she wrapped in a white zephyr shawl over her head, and stole out to the tray.

It was a perfect night—without being in the least oppressive, with a young moon hanging like a slender silver crescent in the dark-blue arch. All the sweet silence of a summer night was in the air; a soft breeze was blowing among the trees in the wide-reaching park; a tender fragrance was all about her as she hurried along the path to the summer-house, her face paler than usual, her dusky eyes glowing with some such light as once when Jocelyne Merle had lain sleeping, powerless, before her.

It was past the hour appointed, and Ernest St. Felix, in the clever disguise of darkened beard and hair and skin, had been impatiently pacing to and fro in the star-lighted path beside the summer-house.

"If she dare fail me! As sure as there is a heaven above our heads, so sure will she be made to repeat it in sackcloth and ashes! If she knew her neck came so near being caressed by the rope of the hangman, and she knew I know it, I imagine she would be less anxious to anger me. As it is shall I tell her all, or shall I tell her nothing?"

He paused in the surrounding gloom, his eyes half closed, his expression for her face, and then he became aware that a white-robed form was coming swiftly through the shadows, and in another moment she was in his presence.

"You are come at last. I had begun to think you intended to defy me, Rose."

There was no greeting beyond that. She nodded her head, a little impatiently, and spoke in a low, suppressed, whispering tone:

"I am here. What is it you wish of me?"

If he had hoped to intimidate her by the use of the word "defy," he was mistaken, for not a vestige of fear was on her face, that looked more like a smile than a frown. Her form was coming swiftly through the shadows, and in another moment she was in his presence.

"And yet, as the same time, there occurred to her with sickening force the vision of Jocelyne Merle had lain sleeping, powerless, before her shoulders and bust.

She was not afraid. She had made up her mind that she would not be terrified if he pressed her crime home with a faithfulness of detail that made it impossible not to believe he had seen the very deed. She had fully, calmly made up her mind to endure—for this once.

St. Felix had seen the start of surprise she had given at first sight of his strangely-altered appearance—a pitiful calmness that meant the despairing endurance of the inevitable—and wend down to such his usual self, courteous, pleasant, but with a look of painful anxiety in his handsome eyes.

Rose greeted him gladly, all her heart in the glance of her dusky eyes, and went swiftly up to him, lifting her beautiful face for him to kiss.

He bent toward her with a chivalrous courtesy that was inseparable from his demeanor toward women, but Rose realized it was not the demeanor of a lover, and the bitterness that was now new to her heart, she knew, had cut the processes of muscle, lie on her forehead.

But she would not, for worlds, have permitted herself to display her true feelings; and so she began to talk, pleasantly and entertainingly, while they seated themselves at the table and discussed the dainty lunch, which, in consideration of her lover's having partaken of no breakfast, was composed of heartier dishes than was customary.

Mr. Ithamar noticed the kindly care she had taken and thanked her almost warmly for it, calling a glad flush to her face and an eager tone to his voice.

"I always will be so good to you, Florian, always. It shall be the end and aim of my life to study your happiness and comfort. I will never cease to devise plans to please you; I will make myself so necessary to you that you will have to love me, Florian, even as I love you—truly, wholly, entirely."

In spite of himself it touched him—the honest confession of hers—but he could not meet the ardent rapture in her eyes with a like return, or even a semblance of it.

"I believe you will be loving and kind, Iva, and I am willing to trust the remnant of my life's happiness to your keeping. And I will be tender and true to you for—there is no one in all the world nearer or dearer to me than you. We will live quietly, Iva, and if you do not regret having accepted the second place in my affections, knowing the first always belongs to my dead love, I see no reason why it should be an unhappy life."

"Unhappy—with you, Florian! If you spoke to me but once a day, and that to lay the hardest command on it, would it be greater happiness to hear and obey, knowing that I heard and obeyed as your wife, than to enjoy the common plaudits of a world without you? You! Florians, love you now? You have known the depth and the strength and the possibilities of woman's love; but I shall teach you, and wait in patient hope for my reward—the full return of all I bestow!"

Her ardor, her passionate earnestness was impossible to resist, and there was a strength of genuineness in it that appealed to him beyond the partial shrinking of soul, the words, her manner occasioned. So he answered, kindly, gravely, and wondered whether ever mortal man was placed as was the placed.

Of course, the account of the previous night he said not a word. He could not do it; he seemed to him that the subject was too sacred, the original too precious an occasion to any one. It had been his own sweet visitation, if visitation it was, his own personal delusion, if delusion it was, and assuredly his own sweet dream, if only dream it was.

So he kept his own counsel, and retired from the dining-room while Rose still lingered over her dessert-plate of orange-ice, with the promise to take her for a drive at four o'clock.

He had not been gone more than five minutes when a servant tapped at the door with the note from his husband, and thinking only of the correspondence, he was likely to receive by private messenger—a note from the seamstress, she was employing—Rose absently tore the envelope open, and did not recognize the fatal-familiar hand until she read the contents.

Almost a shriek of surprise and alarm was on

her lips as she started to her feet at the very first word, but she had the precaution to turn her face from the servant, in respectful waiting—and such a blanched, wild-eyed face as it was would have terrified him.

"But your voice was under control as she spoke:

"And the mockery of the words occurred to her as the sound left her lips."

"All right! Will anything ever be all right with me again? What does he mean, writing to me, so peremptorily? Can he know—oh, my God!—does he know? 'A matter of life and death'—what does he mean? Why is he here at all—what does he want of me?"

The thoughts ran hotly through her brain as she stood staring at the penciled lines. Then a slow, desolate smile crept to her lips.

"I will meet him at two o'clock, but he will never trouble me again. I am playing with a high hand, and he shall not thwart me!"

#### CHAPTER XXXV

A CRIMSON DEED.

PUNCTUALLY AT four o'clock the carriage was at the door, and Mr. Ithamar ready to accompany his betrothed for a ride. Rose also was in prompt readiness, dressed in an exquisite carriage costume, with not a trace of the keen, alarming surprise she had experienced so shortly before.

She was in almost an exultation of spirits; she laughed and chatted, and was bewitchingly entertaining, and Mr. Ithamar thought, as he looked at her, pure, perfect beauty of ivory complexion and dusky-dark hair and eyes, her beautiful features and the richly-red lips, her ease, her grace, her refinement, that he was indeed lost to all sense of human perfection to think as lightly as he did of the prize that was his, and which, doubtless, other men would so have raved over.

The ride was delightful, and they returned in time for the seven-o'clock dinner. After dinner, the other asked for some music, and they spent the evening in the drawing-room, separating at eleven o'clock—Mr. Ithamar to retire to his room, in almost feverish hope that the sweet experience of the previous night might be repeated; Rose, to prepare for her interview with her husband.

The hours were not long in passing. Twelve and one and two struck in soft silver chimes from the cuckoo clock on Rose's mantel-shelf, and then satisfied that Pauline was soundly asleep, and the house safe for her to make her exit, she wrapped in a white zephyr shawl over her head, and stole out to the tray.

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The announcement was made with a vehemence that appalled her with its startling earnestness. Her eyes opened wildly in a state of terror, her face grew livid, her lips compressed themselves to a thin ashene line.

"Alive and well this minute!"

She repeated the words in a hoarse whisper; a look of almost abject fear in her staring eyes.

"That is what I said. Your plans failed most signally."

Rose's lips almost refused to move to say the words that were arrested on them.

"It is a lie—a lie! She died—I saw her dead in her coffin. She was buried in the vault in the village churchyard. I have visited her grave a dozen times. What horribly monstrous story is this you are inventing!"

And yet, at the same time, there occurred to her with sickening force the vision of Jocelyne Merle had seen. Great Heaven! was he speaking the truth? Had it really been Jocelyne in the flesh?

"I can quite easily prove my assertion, since it was I who rescued her from her living tomb—no—dead—she was not dead, but was strongly impelled that there had been foul play, and I came down to Westwood the day of the funeral. I was in the churchyard at dusk, at the door of the vault. I heard a moan from within, and my half-waggon suspicions were strengthened. The stupid sexton had neglected to remove the key from the padlock on the door. I entered, and a key from my ring of keys unlocked the casket. I rescued her and took her in safety, and she had been under my roof since. No—listen a moment longer. Possibly you have heard of the gentleman and invalid sister who reside at Westwood House, Ixonia. Well, it is Jocelyne Merle I had listened, almost more dead than alive in the awful agony that had taken uncontrollable possession of her. There was no room to doubt the statement that St. Felix had made for every word had the ring of truth in it.

Alive! Jocelyne Merle alive! And so near, so near! Would she dare come back and disturb all the plans that were prospering, that were so near completion? And in the alarm of the possibility that her marriage with Mr. Ithamar might be endangered by the fact of Jocelyne's existence. Rose never once entertained a thoughtful thought that her hands were clean again of human blood.

Perhaps she realized that her soul was equally guilty; that it was only blind chance that had made her lawfully clean—not morally.

A little defiant gleam was in her eyes as she hastily made a mental review of her actual condition.

"I will not permit any difference to be made. I will have the marriage hastened, and once married—after what I shall do to-night—I defy Jocelyne Merle to come between me and my husband. I am a poor, proud, sensitive, high-strung, and could not endure to see herself where she would imagine she was not wanted; and I shall take good care that people at large, and Jocelyne in particular, shall understand that my husband worships me."

She was regaining her courage, and with every instant of buoyant thought was strengthened in the determination that had long since been born in her guilty soul, which had grown to its full size since the receipt of the summons from her husband, a few hours ago.

Ernest St. Felix, in his strangely-odd disguise of darkened hair and skin, stood regarding her, little knowing that he was infinitely more in her power than she was in his little dreams of clinging woolen shawl that was folded closely across her breast and arms was a stiletto as sharp as blade could be—a tiny stiletto that had been bought long before for the very purpose it was now destined to fulfill.

"Yes, I read the account of Miss Merle's sudden death in the New York papers—dreadfully sudden, wasn't it, and equally mysterious? I was instantly impressed with the suddenness and mystery. Do you know I believe there was foul play?"

Every vestige of that horrible, joyousness was gone now, and Rose realized there was a latent meaning in every syllable he uttered.

Her nerves were quivering—somehow she felt his glance, his tone as if they had been lances of sharp steel. The smile in his eyes deepened. Her question was a good one.

"Yes—from abroad—only I was not abroad at all. I have been in the neighborhood of Westwood since—let me see, I wish to be perfectly accurate—since the day Miss Merle was buried."

He paused a moment, looking her full in the eyes, a slow smile gathering on his lips.

"I did not come to tell you I intended putting a stop to the little romance you are carrying on with Mr. Ithamar—indeed, I rather enjoy the idea of thinking how his lordship will be duped by you. No, you have my permission to lead Mr. Ithamar into a trap if you choose—so long as the money comes regularly."

He smiled with a sarcastic smile, and Rose knew the devil in his eyes well.

"You have some important errand, unlike yourself, I am masquerading—unlike yourself, it doesn't particularly improve me, does it? So you want to know why I wanted to come?"

The smile in his eyes deepened. Her question was a good one.

"Yes—from abroad—only I was not abroad at all. I have been in the neighborhood of Westwood since—let me see, I wish to be perfectly accurate—since the day Miss Merle was buried."

He paused a moment, looking her full in the eyes, a slow smile gathering on his lips.

"I do. Deny it if you dare! You removed your rival! I know it—more, I can prove it!"

Prove it! The words rung in her ears like a clang of iron bells. Prove it!

Some one saw her, then—some one knew it, then, and all these months she had been walking the edge of a deep abyss as she dreamed of.

Prove it!—he, her one enemy, he, her husband, could prove it!

For one moment she seemed to feel the tightening of the rope around her throat; for one

moment she endured, with horrible realism, all the fear and dismay and horror that threatened her. Then she made a desperate rally, and he saw a red gleam, like a tiny speck, in her eyes.

"And you came to tell me this? Perhaps you are off to your heels to arrest me on the charge of murder?" Perhaps you intend to take the supposed outraged law in your own hands, and murder me?"

"I think you know me well enough to know I am alone—unless you call this a companion—you needn't be alarmed, I have not the slightest intention of shooting you."

He had carelessly taken a dainty little revolver from his pocket, its silver mountings gleaming in the starlight, and she had sprang back in a sudden terror and surprise.

"St. Felix!"

He coolly played with the weapon as he went on:

"Now I am bad enough, but I never yet took human life. But you, Rose, who began by giving way to a love of dress, and a vanity for your good looks, and admiration for others than your husband—you, Rose, continued your career by playing the greatest fraud I ever knew upon unsuspecting people, by reddening your hands with the current of a human life. And you will end—where, think you?"

"And it was you who drove me from my rightful home, where, had I been treated as other women are treated, I would have been as you are. You drink; you tormented me with your groundless jealousy; you drove me half crazy with your continual charges of disloyalty, which I swear before God were false; you maddened me with your treacherous conduct, and then taunted me for caring, while you openly admitted the baseness of your acts and defied my interference. You insulted me beyond all precedent, and neglected me for others; you ordered compliance to demands no living woman would have obeyed—and I fled from you in horror and disgust and despair. It was you, all you, who have led me to the spot where I stand to-day."

"And as it was you who drove me from my rightful home, where, had I been treated as other women are treated, I would have been as you are. You drink; you tormented me with your groundless jealousy; you drove me half crazy with your continual charges of disloyalty, which I swear before God were false; you maddened me with your treacherous conduct, and then taunted me for caring, while you openly admitted the baseness of your acts and defied my interference. You insulted me beyond all precedent, and neglected me for others; you ordered compliance to demands no living woman would have obeyed—and I fled from you in horror and disgust and despair. It was you, all you, who have led me to the spot where I stand to-day."

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## Sunshine Papers.

### Where and What?

VACATION days are come; where are you going and what are you going to do? Important questions are these just now, and many are the minds they are agitating.

The boys and girls are bidding adieu to teachers—without a sign of sorrow; teachers are dismissing scholars for the long vacation—and with joyful visage. The collegian and the professor fling cares and studies to the winds and go their roads to rest and pleasure. The clergyman turns the key on his study and his back on his labor, and refreshes himself with a few weeks of travel. The man of business shuts up his ledger and glances over his balance-sheet, and takes his family to some large hotel. The belles and the beau-pax pack their trunks and flee to Long Branch and Saratoga, to lay snares for each other. But where are all the clerks and the school-girls, the youths and the maidens, going? How are they to spend the long summer days?

The mountains push their heads into the blue ether, and the clouds cling about them in ever-changing and marvelous beauty; the forests lie cool and fragrant upon their sides, full of insect music, and trill of bird, and trill of beast, and treasure of vegetable life; the streams leap and laugh, and sparkle and bubble, down rocky chasms, and fling great sheets of foam into somber abysses; the valleys lie verdant and smiling under the kiss of the sun and the carves of tossing shadows; the lakes flash and shimmer, and woo their lovers to sail and sport; the ocean ebb and flows upon the white sands and fills the atmosphere with elixir of fresh, invigorating life; the farm nestles among its ancient trees, and the sweet, old-fashioned flowers of its garden fling banners of glory and streams of incense upon the fervid air, and the fields and the fruits ripen in the sun.

Wherever the footsteps turn, beauty and freshness and the golden glory of the summer time await them. But stay away from crowded hotels and haunts of fashion and folly, if you would appreciate the summer's glory, and gain rest, and pleasure, and profit through the length of its days. Get up in the dewy coolness of the mornings and hunt the woods for blossoms and the fields for fruit. Rob the gardens of flowers and fill all the houses and adorn the tables with damp sweet clusters of blooms. Put the saddle upon the horse and dash along some quiet road, or seldom-traveled lane, and see what charming bits of landscape await your discovery. Harness up the team and coax all the family to crowd in upon the hay-covered floor of the wagon, and drive to some pretty stretch of woodland, or some shady meadow by the water-side, and spend a care-free day, gypsying; build your own fir, and make your coffee or tea, and boil eggs, and roast potatoes in the ashes, and let there be books and bean-bags, balls and croquet to occupy the time. Help grandpa make his hay,

and drink cider and eat cake for lunch, and sit under the trees at noon, to eat a regular picnic dinner.

Why, half the people who go to the country on a vacation, or to spend the summer, and half the people who always live in the country, do not know anything about enjoyment. How much fun it would be to teach the good old farmers and their deer, bustling, care-oppressed wives that life may be very much mixed with pure pleasures, and rests, and yet matters go quite as smoothly.

And how nice it would be if young ladies would learn the advantage of loose, short suits of flannel for summer use and could be induced to climb in the barns, and help take care of the horses, and cultivate flowers, and engage in harvesting and berrying, and take parts in base-ball games, with their brothers and cousins, and row, and ride, and walk ten miles or so a day.

Why, girls, if you once learned the fascinations of such a life, what glorious summers you would spend, and how healthy and handsome you would grow!

And for the young men who have but a few days to spend in pleasure, there can be nothing more delightful than a walking tour through some of the wild beautiful counties of their native States. Ten, fifteen, or twenty miles a day of walking, resting under the hedges, stopping for a cooling drink at some roadside farm, and eating at village inns, is one of the most pleasurable of vacation experiences; and when sisters and sweethearts can be induced to join these tourists, America may hope for a braver and nobler and fairer race of daughters.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

### WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER?

WOULDN'T it be better if many persons would utter but half their sentences—break right in the middle of them? How good an opinion of the persons we have when we hear them utter a sentence something like the following: "Edgar G. is a good fellow, open-hearted and generous to a fault—one of the best friends to the poor in the community—always ready and willing to help a fellow who is going down hill—never anxious to push the fellow, but to extend a helping hand and guide him to the summit."

Yet how sad we feel when the narrator continues with: "But I fear if he continues to drink, he will not be long with us." It is sad to have a sentence that commenced so pleasantly end so sadly. Yes, as sad as to think that one who has so many virtues should have so bad a vice—a life that began so pleasantly to have so sad an end.

Another says: "What a good and noble life Mrs. A. would live—so full of compassion and good deeds, self-sacrificing to the utmost, so anxious to relieve the suffering of others, and whose purse is ever open to the unfortunate if (that mischievous "if") she was not so prone to boast of her good deeds, for, though her charity benefits others, she spoils the beauty of it by boasting of the same." That is what I mean by breaking off in the middle of the sentence before one comes to the "if" and "but."

Wouldn't it be better to do good deeds instead of making an ostentatious display? I'll tell you what put such an idea in my head. I was reading, not long since, that when Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India, a grand and gorgeous display of fireworks was given in honor of the event—one piece alone costing twenty thousand dollars! Why that extravagance! To impress people with the greatness of the queen and the liberality of the people? Wouldn't it have shown the liberality of the people more if the money were bestowed on the sick and suffering all around them? That one piece would have kept hundreds from starving. The beauty of the fireworks lasted but a few moments, but the amount laid out on it—worthily bestowed—would keep the wolf from the door of many a home, for many and many a week. Good deeds last longer in one's memory than ostentatious display. That's what I think. But maybe I am odd. Please—as the children say—"won't you be odd and think so, too?"

Wouldn't it be better for betrothed parties to be more careful, more thoughtful of themselves, and look a little bit into the future ere they assume the cares of married life? Would it not save much heartbreaking and untold misery? Adrian tells Bella that, when they are married, he will leave off drinking, and she, so much in love, believes him, and thinks her influence will be the means of reforming him. Why wait until they are married? Why not lay the ax to the root, and cut off the evil at once? It has always seemed to me that if a man will not cast away his bad habits and vices before marriage, he is not inclined to do it afterward. I think my statement can be verified by cases brought to one's notice every day. A young girl is somewhat inexperienced in the ways of the world; she looks upon her lover as her ideal of perfection, and she trusts implicitly to his word, and believes he will give up drinking after the nuptial knot is tied. I don't say he deceives her as to his promise, for, perhaps, he believes he will keep it; but if he does not, how sad is the result! He, a poor incurate, and she, a sad heart-sick drunkard's wife! A life more sad than the angels of heaven never looked down upon. If angels weep, surely they would shed tears over these wretched and wretched lives.

Wouldn't it be better to live at peace than be at war with everyone? Not to cast aside the old friend for the new, not to trust too much to one who strives to prejudice your life-long friend against you. Trust him who has proved himself true and loyal to you, and not one who, by praising you and puffing what you do, makes you think less of Him who made you what you are. If we could but look into the heart, as the great Father of us all can do, we could soon detect the true from the false, and we would then see who were our staunch friends and who the bitter enemies. But as we cannot, we must trust to our judgment, and it should show us that deeds and not words prove the worth of our fellow-men.

EVE LAWLESS.

### Foolscap Papers.

### Hullen's Babies.

THERE are eight of them; Fuis is one year old, Bob is two, Sal is three, Bill will soon be four, Jake is nearly five, Dick is six and the twins Bob and Sam are seven. You can always tell which is the other by looking at them, but you can't tell which is which without you scrape them. They are very cleanly in their habits—of cleaning victuals off the table—and when they are washed it is difficult for them to tell their own names. The twins can't tell themselves apart, and often Bob eats his own pie and Sam's too, so mixed do things

get between them, but I don't think that Bob ever got a licking for Sam from the fact that none of them ever got licked at all. I won't swear that they never needed it in their innocent youthfulness and buoyancy of spirits.

Their mother can always stop their crying—for awhile—by giving them cake; unless, however, they are fond of it.

It is fun to look into the room through the keyhole and get pepper blown into your eyes, or push the door slightly ajar and listen to their wise old sayings, and have the door suddenly slammed to before you can get your eye out.

I occasionally call to spend an idle hour with these dear children, which I do very pleasantly. First the sweet little baby I most take from the nurse and trot it on my knee for the purpose of making it stop crying just a little. The harder I trot it the less it doesn't stop, though how it could cry then, under such jolting circumstances, I can't see. The dear little thing affectionately slathers all over his old uncle's shirt-bosom, and gets its fingers about a hundred of them, so dexterously tangled up in my gray beard that I can't extricate them, and by the skillful aid of the family they are finally released, and the loose whiskers are swept up and emptied out of the back window.

I look around and see Bob, aged two, with his feet in my silk hat, sitting on the rim and hammering the sides with all his might and a club; or perhaps I will notice Jack standing on top of the hat making one of those highly intelligent and precocious speeches like "Mary-ad alittle am" or "Mother can I go out to swim?"

How they dearly love to gambol with that hat! If I had fifty hats they would like to play with them all, and would, too, as long as they lasted.

When the whole eight (they were born to be sailors—or monkeys) climb all over me at once, with one perhaps sitting on top of my bald head, making interesting remarks about the same, and two or three feeling in my pocket for chance pennies, and one with my watch out, diligently breaking the crystal and bending the hands clear back to day before yesterday, and another cutting the buttons off my waistcoat, and one or two riding on my foot to Banbury Cross (which they never reach, somehow), I feel like Gulliver when he woke up and found the Lilliputians had possession of him, and then I yawn and shed the whole eight—a pastime I greatly enjoy.

What splendid prize-fighters Bob and Dick will eventually make when they come to develop their muscular powers! For five cents they will begin with the greatest science to pound each other's mugs in a way which pleases me to see, using the intellectual slang of the prize-ring, while Jake stands as umpire, holding the sponge, and occasionally wiping the boys' noses—which greatly need it in a natural way.

Mrs. Whaffles was visiting there the other day in her elegant new silk, and while greatly absorbed in praising up the children, the precocious little Sal was behind her chair whacking her dress with the scissors, and when she was discovered and gently chided she said: "Mam, you told me I must learn to cut dresses, and I was just beginning."

At the table yesterday when Mrs. Jones was present and the happy mother was conveniently apologizing over the scarcity of the viands on the table, the talented Bill said: "Why, mam, you said you'd have to put all you've got on, for Mrs. Jones eats like a saus-mill, if she has got false teeth."

The preacher was there one day and asked them "if they liked to be good."

"No, sir," said each, trying to speak first.

"Why don't you like to be good?"

"Because we don't have any fun."

"Well, my little folks, is fun all you live for?" asked the parson, sedately, frowning.

"Oh, no, fun and preserves!"

When Miss Ana Festic, a country relative of the family and a poetess, went there for a visit, and to gather inspiration from the smart babies, she only went to stay all summer, and a young man by the name of Bluggs fell in love with her poetry and pretty soon with the poetess also. As his business kept him away in the daytime he was only there at night, and the babies kept them from getting too long. He was a very modest youth, and on some of the first nights was led to blush by inadvertently asking if those children were hers.

One evening Bluggs was invited there to tea, and was modest and not very hungry. The babies were in their accustomed places at the first table. Dick was noticed to nudge Sam, and Sam would nudge Dick, and both would grin. By and by, the father of Hullen's Babies inquired the cause of all that childlike humor.

Dick swallowed the mouthful of meat, and when he got done choking, said:

"I know suthin."

"Yes, my darlin' young hopeless, you know a great deal; but what do you know in particular?"

"Well, pap, I was behind the front door last night, when Mr. Bluggs left, and they didn't know it, and Mr. B. said to me he was afraid he wouldn't git to see her till the next night, and he would n't give her a kiss, and he'd wear it in his vest-pocket, and she pucker'd up her lips like she was goin' to spit on him, and he kissed her, and he licked his lips like there was molasses on 'em, and said it was good."

Miss Ana bestowed an affectionate look on the boy, and left the room in a whirlwind.

Mr. Bluggs didn't know what to do, so he up-set his tea and dived through the door—he would have gone through the keyhole if the door had been locked. He staid away two mortal nights before he went back.

It got to be no common matter for Bluggs to reach under the sofa when he went there and fetch out one or two boys by the heels; or the whole of the babies would be climbing over him, helping him to be happy, but never unless their hands and faces had one or two coats of apple-butter. Finally the babies made him like to go there so bad that he staid away altogether, and Ana went into a decline—and the country.

One Sunday, when the family had gone to church, Jake got the scissors and snatched all the curl-offs Sal's head, and tying them on a stick, made one of the neatest little chair-dusters in the world; and when the astonished parents came home they were so mortified that they positively refused to allow him to play in the mud for a whole week, which nearly killed him.

Whenever I leave those extraordinary children, and thoughtfully wend my way home, and proceed to take off those pieces of rags, which, in their youthful exuberance they attach to my coat-tails, with matter of fact pins, I say to my wife:

"There never were any children like Hullen's babies; they are really valuable enough to take to the taxidermist's and get them stuffed." And my wife looks over her spectacles and says: "That is pretty much so, Washington."

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

### Seasonable Dress Notes.

For children nothing is prettier than barge dresses, and many of the French styles are surprisingly handsome and novel.

Very many costumes of white barge this season have been trimmed with silk bands supplemented with lace or fringe, and others have been seen with ball fringe. The latter, however, is rather heavy, and is not ornamental.

The colored bargees are pretty for day dresses, and in some of the light tints are beautiful for evening wear. The rose, pale rose color and light green make up beautifully in combination with white or ecru, with two different shades of the same color.

After bargee, the pretty grenadiers are good for, and in this material there are so many varieties that it is simply impossible to describe them. The plain qualities are in all colors, and the fancy patterns are more suitable as overdresses for silk skirts than they are for entire costumes. Many of the black ones are trimmed with bright colors, such as green, blue, mandarin, or red silk, and are as handsome as they can be made costly.

Crepe de chine is the most beautiful material in the market for summer dresses of an exceptionally handsome quality. They are usually combined with silk, and are elaborately trimmed with lace, fringe or silk.

In lighter goods are all the family of muslins, from the coarse, checked qualities for home wear to the sheerest, richest Indian muslins, organdies and lawns, that cost considerable but which make up exquisitely. When not over-trimmed, no dress is more elegant than one of this kind.

In solid colored lawns there are many pretty patterns, but these goods are not in such favor as they were before the combination style of dress was introduced.

In fine fabrics of ivory white, tilleul, and other pale hues, there is a new challic gauze, soft in texture, and admirable for draping. In thicker materials there is the new foulé cashmere in all the fashionable shades; it is light and soft and makes up well, as it hangs in graceful folds without any stiffness.

Colored organdies there are some of the handsomest figures ever exhibited. They are marvels of artistic taste, and are in exquisite color combinations. Palest rose grounds half-blown moss buds and dainty, small buds, all yet covered with green moss, strewed all over them; and others of soft cream hue, are dotted over with forget-me-nots that it is bewildering to look at the little flowers with any thought of deciding their position on the ground of the goods. Larger patterns have sprays of lily of the valley clustered over them, and one pattern, royally handsome for a tall brunette, was of corn color with sheaves of wheat thrown over it.

In colored silks there are many pretty patterns, but these goods are not in such favor as they were before the combination style of dress was introduced.

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## MEMNON.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

All night the throbbing of the oars  
And measures of the Osirian song  
Flowed through our half-sleep; touched our  
dreams  
As gayly sped our galley along.

All night the warm air, welcome-sweet,  
Aloft laden from the land  
Worried the taper's wane flame;  
And we were kings in a kingdom grand.

We woke—Low on the Lybian plain  
The white, and the withering moon  
Told morning. Down the dusky tide  
Stood Memnon waiting with his tune.

Ah, how we hastened to be there  
In hour to hear it! How we sped  
By dreaming temple, frowning sphinx,  
And mountain tenements of the dead!

Lightly we leapt the throng among  
Of men and priests all prone in prayer,  
Nor ran a ripple on the Nile.  
Under the silence of the air.

Nor stirred the lilies snowy lakes  
About the margin of the shore  
Shook their spray, and far off  
The very fields to wave before.

From sacred censor of the priests  
The smoking incense climbed and wreathed  
Round those mysterious lips of stone  
To woo the music to be breathed.

My mate and I put off our crowns,  
Kneeling, since kings must kneel in grace,  
Then gleamed the ray in air above  
That, falling, flushed it full in face.

Then down it died in heart of earth;  
And chant of priests and songs of men  
Did follow, and linger long.  
And muted our galley moved again.

## What Lily Accepted.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THE four of them were as unlike as could well be imagined, and as they sat in earnest conclave in Mrs. Dalzell's little parlor, they presented vastly different styles and characteristics.

Mrs. Dalzell, pale, faded, woful and wearied-looking, and looking so perfectly the proud lady she had always been—pride, despite the plainness of her little house, and the shabbiness of her widow's weeds.

Miriam Dalzell, her eldest daughter, as beautiful as a dream, with her exquisite Greek features, and a complexion like unsummed snow, with her magnificent black eyes that always were beautiful, whether languid and dreamy, or haughtily questioning, with her wealth of blue-black hair that crowned her like a crown.

She had always been regarded as a beauty, and had always been the reigning belle in the town where they lived. But now, when Mr. Dalzell's death had been the cause of their being obliged to leave their pleasant home, and occupy a suite of apartments, when they suddenly discovered that instead of a large, ample income, they would be obliged to use the closest economy to all manage on the pitiable little sum that was left them; then Miriam's bellezza fled from her, and she took her beauty and her grace, and her high-toned elegant tastes, and her hauteur with her into an obscurity that was agonizing to be endured.

Then, sitting a little apart from either mother or sister, was Lily, Mrs. Dalzell's youngest child—Lily, as unlike her sister as it was possible for them to be—unless was excepted the vein of pride that ran in all the Dalzells, but which, in Lily's case, was of a different quality from Miriam's—a quality that, while in Miriam it made her excessively haughty and exclusive and reticent and vain, in Lily was dignity and strict womanly truthfulness, and elevation of character.

No one ever thought of calling Lily pretty—she was too slight, too petite; she was neither blonde nor brunette, therefore was not noticeable for personal characteristics. Her complexion was fair, and soft as rose petals, her eyes were tenderly gray, intelligent, amiable and frank in their expression, and her hair was of chestnut brown.

But her mouth was exquisite—so girlishly lovely, with its proudly curved lips, red as a spray of moistened coral, with even milk-white teeth, showing becomingly when she laughed, and with a distracting dimple in her left cheek.

The fourth of this quartette was Mrs. Dalzell's brother—Uncle Hiram, who had been very averse to his sister's marriage with Courtney Dalzell, and who had never seen or communicated with his sister during all the years of her married life, until when Mr. Dalzell had died, he had sent word to know if he could be of any service to his sister or her children.

They knew her brother was immensely rich, and perfectly able to do great things for either of her girls, or both; for that matter, Mrs. Dalzell had written accepting his proffer, and with large hopes based on his coming.

And he had come, and had seen to the settlement of his brother-in-law's affairs, and now, that the widow and her two daughters were settled down in their comfortable, plain little suite of rooms, and Uncle Hiram Wingate was to return home on the next day to New York, the final family talk was at hand, introduced by Mrs. Dalzell herself.

"And now, Hiram, what about the girls?"

"Yes—about the girls. I've been thinking it over considerably, and I've come to three conclusions, any one of which I will agree to put into effect."

Miriam dropped her long-lashed lids and her beautiful eyes, for Uncle Hiram looked directly at her, and, in spite of herself, her heart throbbed as she thought perhaps he had decided to make her his heiress! Why not, surely?

Uncle Hiram went on, succinctly:

"Of course I take it that you girls, between you, intend to let your mother have an easy life of it. At any rate, between you, you ought to be well able to take care of her now when she is getting along in years and further enfeebled by trouble. Miriam, you endorse that?"

Miriam, with magnificent visions of future elegance for herself, out of which she should supply her mother, assented, in her lovely, graceful way.

"Good! Now, first of my suggestions is, that Miriam take a position I can get for her—right here at home, too—safely in one of your first-class drygoods stores."

Had a thunder-bolt fallen at Miriam's feet she could have been hardly less startled.

"I go behind a counter and sell—goods! Oh, Uncle Hiram!"

Her delicate ivory cheeks flushed painfully.

"And why not—you?"

Miriam looked at her mother, who compressed her lips—perhaps partly from a good intention to keep down her indignation that such

an offer should be made to her queenly, beautiful daughter, who had never done a day's work in her life—perhaps because of her offended pride.

"I hardly think Miriam suited to such occupation, Hiram. She has been brought up like a lady, you must remember."

Uncle Hiram frowned.

"Then I am to understand that your theory is that to earn one's living decently and honestly is to be—not a lady!"

Mrs. Dalzell fluttered her pale, thin hands, as if torn by her conflicting desires to maintain her dignity and yet not affront this rich brother of hers who might do such glorious things if he only would.

"I really think you should not blame Miriam, Hiram. You must remember she has been educated with a view of something better in life than the drudgery of working for wages. Her manner and appearance protest against it."

Uncle Hiram gave almost a grunt, so emphatically he aspirated "humph!"

"Then I am very sure she wouldn't do at all for the two other positions I have in mind—neither of which are so tempting to the average female mind as waiting in a store. Lily, my dear, I think I had better direct my suggestions to you."

Lily laid down a strip of ruffling her deft fingers were hemming, and drew her low socks nearer her uncle's knee, and listened for what he should propose.

He looked down at her kindly, almost tenderly—this little niece who was so like the Wingates that it was difficult for him to realize she was a Dalzell, and who had somehow taken the hold on his affections that Miriam had so desired for herself—that Lily herself had no idea she had accomplished.

"Well, little gray-eyes, if you are not ashamed of earning your own living, I can give you your choice of two situations. One, is that of asistant forewoman in the shirt-factory on Edghill street, and the other—well, I suppose your sister and your mother will regard it as disgracefully menial—but, if you ask my opinion, I should say it was the best offer of the three. It is that of a sort of companion and—well—assistant to an elderly lady."

Mrs. Dalzell held up her hands in dismay, while both spoke simultaneously.

"Hiram, how can you?"

"Oh, Uncle Hiram!" While Lily kept her bright eyes on his face.

"Go on, uncle, please. I agree with you that the latter is the best position, and if you will tell me further about it, and think I could fill it—I will take it."

Uncle Hiram's face relaxed into a beaming smile.

"Sensible girl—I see there's Wingate stuff in you."

Mrs. Dalzell sent a horrified glance across the room to her.

"Lily! Is it possible?"

Miriam's voice rose in emphatic indignation.

"Lily Dalzell!"

Uncle Hiram nodded approvingly.

"Let her alone; she's right. It will be a good place for her, where her duties will not be too heavy, and her wages good—twenty dollars a month. I know the old lady, and 'll guarantee she'll be kind. Well, Lily—what do you say to it? Shall it be honest independence or—rubbing on as you've been doing?"

"I'll go, gladly, Uncle Hiram. I am not ashamed to work for my living, and, besides, only think how much help my wages will be here at home. I have enough clothes to last me, mamma, for several months at least, and I will send you nearly all I get. Only think, mamma, how nice it will be for you!"

Lily's cheeks were glowing, and her gray eyes deepening almost to black.

"You're the sort, Lily! Now, can you be up and off early in the morning? Because, if you'll take the same train with me, I'll see you safe in your new place and introduce you to Mrs. Marion—that's her name."

Of course it was all settled that evening that Lily should go—or rather Lily settled it herself, for Mrs. Dalzell and Miriam did little else, after Uncle Hiram had gone to his hotel, but bemoan Lily's want of pride, and berate Uncle Wingate's disgusting stinginess.

"To think he should dare offer to put you in such positions, when he himself rolls in riches. The stingy—curmudgeon, if I must say it!"

And Miriam's beautiful eyes grew moist with tears as she echoed her mother's bitter inference.

"The idea of my standing behind Ferguson's counter!"

But, Lily held her peace and packed her little trunk. And the next morning, bright and early, was off to her new untried position.

It was late in the afternoon when the carriage Uncle Hiram had taken for them at the depot stopped before an imposing brown-stone front mansion, on a wide, aristocratic-looking avenue. Lily looked up at the rows of plate-glass windows, hung with lace draperies, at the elegant boxes of flowers inside them, at the large square vestibule paved with blocks of colored marble, at the massive inner doors of walnut, with glass panels draped with lace, with huge silver knobs, and a feeling almost of awe came over her.

"Oh, Uncle Hiram, Mrs. Marion does not live here? I'll never be able to suit her—never in the world!"

Uncle Hiram smiled encouragingly as he led her up the flight of brown-stone steps.

"You'll find Mrs. Marion very easy to get along with, indeed. Ah, Titus; just show us in the reception-room, will you, and tell your mistress we're here!"

Miriam dropped her long-lashed lids and her beautiful eyes, for Uncle Hiram looked directly at her, and, in spite of herself, her heart throbbed as she thought perhaps he had decided to make her his heiress! Why not, surely?

Uncle Hiram went on, succinctly:

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"And why not—you?"

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candy, if you choose, and all the fine things you want, and your carriage to ride in, and your summers at Newport and a trip to Europe occasionally. Eh, Lily? You'll consent to be our adopted daughter, and come into all we've got, after we die?"

And Miriam Dalzell was nearly insane with jealousy and regret at little Lily's good fortune, while Lily herself is happy as the day is long, and for her sake, Uncle Wingate is very good to her mother and sister, who visit her at intervals, but to whom Lily will never again go except very rarely.

For she is the light of the old, eyes, whose home she makes so radiant with her presence.

## FAREWELL.

BY HENRY MAXWELL.

"Farewell!" The word last spoken  
By parting friends—the token  
That friendship's ties are broken!  
Fare thee well!

"Farewell!" 'Tis not of meeting  
That it speaks! no greeting  
In its sound; but all of farewell.  
Fare away!

"Farewell!" There's naught redeeming  
In the word! It has the seeming  
Of a cloud with darkness teeming  
O'er our way!

"Farewell!" What depths of feeling,  
Mocking all the soul's concealing.  
Struggle forth to their revealing,  
What we say:

"Farewell!" The word last spoken  
By parting friends—the token  
That friendship's still unbroken!  
Fare thee well!

## A Girl's Heart:

OR,

## DR. TREMAINE'S WOOING.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE WRONGED HEIRESS," ETC.

## CHAPTER XVI.

A WOMAN'S COQUETRY.

THAT same evening, just as the early dusk was beginning to shroud the landscape in its purple glooms, Grace Atherton sat at her chamber window, leaning over the sill.

Her face looked flushed. She was eagerly watching and listening, with her brilliant eyes fixed upon a single spot in the shrubbery below.

The syringas parted presently, and a young man stepped out into the path. He was a very handsome fellow, blonde-bearded and yellow-haired.

Mrs. Dalzell sent a horrified glance across the room to her.

"Lily! Is it possible?"

Miriam's voice rose in emphatic indignation.

"Lily Dalzell!"

Uncle Hiram nodded approvingly.

"Let her alone; she's right. It will be a good place for her, where her duties will not be too heavy, and her wages good—twenty dollars a month. I know the old lady, and 'll guarantee she'll be kind. Well, Lily—what do you say to it? Shall it be honest independence or—rubbing on as of you've been doing?"

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"Oh, Uncle Hiram, Mrs. Marion does not live here? I'll never be able to suit her—never in the world!"

"God forgive you, Rachel," she said, "if this is your work."

"Her work, mother?" cried Grace, starting and trembling. "Hush, oh, hush! You know it is not."

"Directly, it may not be. But there was a reason for the fearful deed that has been done. What was that reason?"

She glared around, from one to the other, but nobody made answer. Dr. Tremaine was stooping over the body, and carefully examining it.

"He is quite dead," he muttered. "The ball must have pierced some vital part, and death was instantaneous."

Mrs. Heathcliff heard without heeding him. A dark flush had crossed her face.

"I must speak out my mind here and now," she said. "Jealous hatred was the palpable cause of this murder. Mr. Dent was betrothed to Rachel. She had another lover, a mysterious stranger, who never dared show his face—a tall, yellow-haired young fellow who has been seen more than once hovering about these grounds. He—"

A bitter moan came from Rachel's white lips. It touched even the heart of Grace. In an agony of remorse and contrition she sprung to her mother's side.

"Don't go on," she pleaded. "For the love of heaven, say no more!"

Mrs. Heathcliff was silent a moment, standing with her mouth firmly shut and drawn down at the corners in a sort of angry perturbation. Then she cried out, fiercely:

"I will speak! This yellow-haired stranger is the murderer, and should be denounced as such. I here denounce him. He must be found and brought to punishment."

"Dick—poor Dick!" gasped Rachel, in faint, heart-sick tones.

The words were forced from her lips in spite of every effort to keep them back. Grace looked scared, perplexed.

"Hush!" she whispered. "Say nothing, do nothing to betray him."

Grace looked a ghost herself. She was shaking from head to foot. She felt guilty, miserable. Would this terrible calamity ever have happened if she had held her peace?

"Oh, my God! what have I done?" she thought.

Aloud she said, turning her white face upon her mother:

"This is no time for idle accusations. For my sake, if not for Rachel's, be silent."

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### THE END OF THE RED TRAIL

MRS. HEATHCLIFF replied with an angry snort. But she had done all the mischief she cared to do at that moment, and could afford to remain silent.

Grace's demeanor puzzled her; however. She could not understand that the iron of remorse had already pierced the proud girl to the heart.

Seeing the crime and misery she had perhaps, though unwittingly, caused, wrought a sudden and radical change in the haughty beauty.

Dr. Tremaine's brow was dark and lowering.

"Madam," he said, coldly, "our first duty is to the dead. Afterward we can give more thought to the living."

Mrs. Heathcliff caught the tone of reproof in which these words were uttered and bowed stiffly, though with curling lip.

"I accept the rebuke. Now what is to be done?"

He was about to answer, but stopped suddenly, with his eyes bent steadfastly upon the ground.

"Strange," he muttered. "Here is a trail of blood leading away from the spot."

Stooping nearly to the ground, he distinguished it plainly in the moonlight—clots and smears of blood on the grass and the shrubbery, looking like dark, unsightly blots in the uncertain light, but clearly *blood* to his practiced eye.

Grace knelt beside him. She groped along the grass. She, too, saw the blood, and one of her hands was stained by it.

She wiped off, shuddering.

"The trail leads toward the shrubbery," she said.

"Yes," answered Dr. Tremaine, thoughtfully.

"Not from it?"

He did not answer, but silently pointed out the perceptible impress of a heavy foot in a bed of yielding moss at the distance of three or four yards. The foot was certainly pointed away from the spot where the corpse was laid.

The eyes of the two met for a moment. The same thought had entered the mind of each.

"For Rachel's sake," whispered Dr. Tremaine, rising, very white, but uttering no other word.

"For Rachel's sake," answered Grace, in the same low tone, following him back to her mother's side.

But Rachel had been watching them with great staring, wide-open eyes, full of unutterable dread and terror. Nothing that had been said or done had escaped her observation.

She crept up close to Dr. Tremaine, took his hand in her own that shook so he could scarcely hold it, and pressed it warmly.

"Thank you," was all that she said.

It was enough. He knew from that moment she had caught at his own suspicion, and shared it.

Now, turning sharply round, he said:

"Go to the house, all of you, for help. I will remain with the body. Send three or four men with a litter."

"Yes, it must be done," said Mrs. Heathcliff, drawing her scarf more closely, and shivering a little. "You will have a lonely watch while we are away. Come, Grace."

Rachel lingered behind the rest. Her eyes were burning like two stars in the fearful pallor of her face.

"Let me share your vigil," she pleaded.

Giving her a swift glance, he replied:

"No, I am not afraid to remain alone. Go, quickly."

His look said:

"You must go. It is the only way if you do not wish to call immediate attention to what you and I suspect."

She understood him.

"I will go," she whispered, heaving a long-drawn sigh. "Dr. Tremaine, I can trust you to do what is for the best."

This was all. Mrs. Heathcliff and Grace were already several yards away. She ran forward to join them, and the next instant the shrubbery hid the three figures from Dr. Tremaine's sight.

He sat down beside the corpse, pale and languid, all the weariness and misery he felt showing itself in his face now that the necessity for concealment no longer existed.

Oh, how dreary and cheerless the moonlight looked, sifting through the tangled greenness

of the wood, lying on the wet and glistening grass, and creeping noiselessly over the pallid features of the dead man by his side.

What a vast grave of wrecked hopes the world seemed, with sorrow and heart-break perpetually striding up and down its length like twin-sisters, ever inseparable!

"What will the end be, oh, what will the end be?" he repeated to himself, more than once, while that lonely vigil lasted. "Poor Rachel! God pity her!"

Well might he say that!

It was, indeed, poor Rachel! His heart bled for her. Every doubt he had ever felt was increased ten-fold by what had happened. She loved this handsome stranger who had murdered Edward Dent! In vain he tried to think otherwise. The conviction would force itself home upon his mind.

How she must suffer, knowing all his guilt and wickedness!

"Ah, had she only loved me one-half so fondly, how happy I might have made her," he thought, once, and then grew ashamed of his own selfishness.

Presently voices sounded in the distance, and footsteps drew near. Four men emerged from the shrubbery, bearing some object between them.

They were the men Mrs. Heathcliff had sent with the litter.

It was a solemn procession that filed along the shadow-haunted path leading up to Fairlawn a little later. Dr. Tremaine walked first, with his head uncovered, and the cooing nightwinds lifting thecurls from his white forehead.

When they reached Fairlawn he had thrown off his heartsick mood, and was his placid, alert self once more.

He took care to send the men in different directions before Mrs. Heathcliff had an opportunity to see them—one for the village doctor, one for the undertaker, and the remaining two on other errands.

He walked about the house, silent and watchful. Presently he saw a demure little figure in sober drab glide out of a side door opening upon the terrace, and flit like a spirit across the lawn.

It was Rachel. Of course he guessed her er-

rand. "She is going to look for the murderer."

He hesitated a moment, uncertain what to do. Then he snatched up his hat and followed her.

It seemed mean and wrong to be dogging her footsteps like this. But he plunged recklessly into the shrubbery. His anxiety would not suffer him to remain inactive. Some harm might come to her.

She paused every now and then to listen, as she drew nearer the scene of the murder. Dr. Tremaine was compelled to moderate his speed, and move with extreme caution.

She did not linger in the glade, but ran on swiftly, as if frightened, plunging into the bushes toward which the bloody trail had pointed.

Finally she halted and called in a soft, suppressed voice: "Dick, Dick! Where are you, Dick?" and then ran on a little further, crying out again in the same manner.

The second time there came an answer. It was a low moan only, and sounded from a dense thicket at the left.

She seemed to know the voice. With a quick exclamation of relief and joy, she thrust the thick branches aside and ran onward.

Dr. Tremaine stood quite still, listening. He heard two or three low cries, an eager whisper, and then the sound of suppressed weeping.

Afterward there was a silence. It lasted so long he grew frightened, at last, and was preparing to move on when he heard a little rustling of the leaves, and Rachel stood before him.

She drew back, crying out sharply. He could see her whole figure quiver in the moonlight.

"You," she said, shrilly.

"Forgive me," and he held out his hand with a pleading gesture. "I saw you steal away from the house, and followed you. I dared not trust you to come alone."

She seemed to catch her breath quickly once or twice. At last she looked up at him.

"You know all, Dr. Tremaine?"

"I know that the—that he is concealed in yonder thicket," he answered, pointing behind her.

"Oh, my God!" She sprang forward. She caught his hand, raised it to her lips. "You are good and kind and noble," she cried. "You will not betray him, Dr. Tremaine! You will not!"

The anguish of her appeal went straight to his heart.

"I may be doing wrong; I shall be severely censured. But, for your sake, Rachel, I will do nothing to bring the criminal to justice."

She covered his hand with her kisses and her tears. She seemed almost beside herself.

"That is not all," she faltered, after a pause.

"We need help—your help."

"You shall have it."

She met his gaze with an earnest, wistful look.

"Do you quite understand me?"

"I think I do," he answered.

"That we need your assistance as a physician?"

"Yes. This man—your friend—is wounded. I suspected as much when I discovered the bloody trail in the glade."

"We may trust you—we may depend upon you?"

"Yes."

She drew a long breath of relief and satisfaction.

"Come with me," she whispered, leading the way into the thicket.

Dr. Tremaine followed. On a mossy bank, where a chance strip of moonlight fell clear and bright, lay the wounded man. His face looked ghastly, and his beautiful yellow hair fell over his forehead in wild disorder.

He heard Dr. Tremaine's step, and started up, glaring at him savagely.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"Hush, Dick," said Rachel, gliding to his side. "Dr. Tremaine is our friend."

"Our friend!" he repeated, gazing steadily and half-suspiciously at the new-comer.

"Yes, Dick. Do you think I would trust him if he were not?"

"No, no."

He put out his hand with a low, faint laugh.

"Excuse me, Dr. Tremaine, if I do not rise to greet you. But you are very welcome, if you are indeed Rachel's friend and mine."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 378.)

WHEN you have had success and prosperity and social consideration, if your success is turned into defeat, and your prosperity departs, and your social relationships are broken, learn how to stand sufficient in yourself without these things. Learn first how to be a man by sympathy, and then learn how to be a man without sympathy.

#### PRAY.

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

When the world seems cold and soulless,  
When its shadows drag their fall—  
With the weight of sorrow's pall—  
When the loves that thou hast cherished  
Pass like the sweet flowers away,  
And thy home is cypress shadowed—  
Koo-choo, the Hog, meant business; it was not merely to take the scalp of the white man that he had intruded to lure him to the lonely defile above the McCloud canyon, but he had a far deeper purpose in view.

The bold attitude of the white man, however, did not suit him. He did not desire to treat with Velvet Hand as with a potentate of equal power, but preferred to have him helpless—a prisoner in his hands, and then talk to him.

In fact, the wily McCloud chief wanted all the advantage on his side.

But it was not to be.

The trick had succeeded; the white was in the defile alone, surrounded by the armed red-men, but he had not surrendered, nor did he intend to.

A conflict was not to be thought of, for an attack would defeat the purpose which the red chief had in view. Therefore, with as good a grace as possible, the McCloud chief prepared to make the best of the situation.

"The Red McClouds would be friends with the bold white chief," he said, with great dignity.

Velvet Hand smiled; the idea pleased him.

Force had failed; the chief would now try cunning.

"No man in all the great north land would

the warriors of the McCloud sooner call brother than the white chief who is as brave as the bear, as cunning as the owl," continued the old warrior.

He remembers his brother when he was the great chief of the Shasta nation and wore the war-paint of the red-man. His white brothers

do not treat him well; why does he dwell with them in their lodges up the river? Why does he not make his home with the red-men in the mountain wilderness? The Shastas are no longer a great tribe, but the McClouds are the lords of all the northern land; the Red McClouds will be glad to welcome so great a warrior as my brother, and they will do him honor as my brother," he said.

And then the old chief waved his hand. Instantly the signal was obeyed, and like magic the savage warriors vanished, each separate braver sinking to his covert amid the rocks with ghost-like celerity.

Then down from his lofty perch the old warrior stepped, and casting his rifle into the hollow of his arm, he advanced directly to the level spot where Velvet Hand stood.

The Indian girl rose to her feet as the old warrior came on, and, stepping back a few paces, surveyed him with a curious look upon her pretty face, for the young squaw was prettier, despite her dusky complexion and the unmistakable Indian cast to her features.

Koo-choo halted in front of the white

the false white men who have stolen the land of the red chiefs? Is this pale-face a greater brave than can be found in the red McCloud nation? I for one deny it! Let him prove that he is a better man than the McCloud warriors can boast before he seeks to take the fairest jewel of the tribe for his squaw."

Again there came a hum of approval from the lips of the red-men, and the wily Koo-choo saw that this demonstration was one not to be easily passed over.

As for the Cinnabar man he saw himself placed in a most unpleasant position. It was very evident that these two bold-speaking warriors meant "business." If he wanted the red maidens they intended that he should not get her without a struggle.

Now when it is considered that he hadn't the slightest idea of forming an alliance with the dusky daughter of the red McClouds, and that he had merely temporized in the matter so as to get out of the predicament in which he so unexpectedly found himself, with as little difficulty as possible, to become involved in a quarrel with two red warriors was far from pleasant.

As brave as any mortal living was the cool, keen-eyed man of Cinnabar; utterly rocklike, too, of his own life, caring but little whether he lived or died, having but few ties to bind him to the world; yet to enter into a life and death struggle with these envious red chieftains solely for the sake of a woman who was no more to him than any other dusky damsel of the woods was utterly ridiculous; but how to escape from the embarrassing position was a puzzle.

True, he might openly declare that he did not want the Water-bird, and simply declined the honor of the alliance which old Koo-choo the Hog, had arranged for him; but, in that case there was little doubt that the baffled chief would raise the war-shout, and that, instead of encountering the two warriors, he, single-handed, would have to fight all the savages.

As to the McCloud chief he was not sorry that affairs had taken this sudden and unexpected turn. The white man would be forced to declare himself. He must either fight for the girl, thus practically accepting her, or else decline the alliance altogether, and in this latter case the old red butcher mentally promised himself the pleasure of "lifting" the scalp of his esteemed white brother on the instant.

But, the old chief wished Velvet Hand to accept; he coveted the fair Californian girl, and he believed that he could easily secure her through the aid of the white man. He therefore determined to force Velvet Hand into the contest.

"The ears of the great McCloud chief are always open to the words of his warriors," began the old scoundrel, gravely. "He cannot blame the McCloud warriors that they are angry at the thoughts of the Water-bird leaving her people to sing in the lodge of a pale stranger. The white chief is a great brave; many moons ago he fought the warriors of the red McClouds and brought sorrow to their wigwams. Koo-choo knows it, and therefore is he satisfied to receive the white man as a son-in-law; he is proud to have so great a chief as a daughter of the McClouds, just as long ago he wed the queen of the Shastas. But, it is only right that my braves should call for deeds as well as words. The white chief wants the McCloud girl—he will fight for her with any brave of the nation who cares to challenge him, and I, the great chief of the tribe, will see that the fight is fair. As it good?"

A very emphatic grunt came from the lips of the red warriors. This sort of thing was exactly to their liking; and then, too, there was hardly a man in the savage ranks who doubted that the white man would be beaten in the struggle. The young chief, The Little Horse, was as fine a brave as the McCloud tribe could boast; and, as for the ugly, scarred-faced One-eyed Crow, deeds of blood were so heavy on his head, that there was not a red butcher in the nation. Koo-choo, the Hog, alone excepted, who could boast a bloodier record.

Velvet Hand was in for it; there was no escape, and therefore with as good a grace as possible he prepared to "face the music."

"I am ready for the trial!" he exclaimed.

"Let the red braves who doubt that I am a great chief step forward, and on their heads I will prove that I am as good a man as any red warrior in the McCloud tribe."

Eagerly the two warriors who had spoken stepped forward.

"The Little Horse and the One-eyed Crow," said Koo-choo, indicating the two. "Which one will encounter the white chief first?"

As crafty as he was bloodthirsty was the older McCloud warrior, and he warily calculated that if the Little Horse took the first chance the white man might disable him, and so a powerful rival would be removed, and even if he conquered the pale chief, matters would be no worse than they were at present, so the old brave spoke instantly:

"Let the Little Horse take the first chance," he said; "he was the first to speak and it is his right."

The young brave eagerly accepted the position.

Face to face the rivals met.

"I bear no malice to my red brother," observed Velvet Hand, gazing with a keen eye at the intelligent and pleasing face of the young McCloud warrior. "It is merely a question between us as to which is the better man. We need not seek each other's lives; let us lay aside our weapons and with our bare hands, muscle against muscle, struggle for the mastery."

The young warrior accepted the condition, and soon, stripped of all useless incumbrances, the two faced each other.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 380.)

## The Giant Rifleman: OR, Wild Life in the Lumber Regions.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "SURE-SHOT SETH," "DAKOTA DAN," "RED ROB, THE BOY ROAD-AGENT," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

RICHARD HIMSELF AGAIN.

The blow that felled Frank Ballard by the earth was not a fatal one. The rubber-hood drawn over his head had saved his life, no doubt; for it broke the force of the blow and he was only stunned. But when he had recovered, it was with a violent pain in the head, and a thousand horrors fitting through his brain. He found that he had been partially in the water's edge, and, in fact, was seated in the water when he recovered consciousness. How he had come there he knew no more than if he had never existed until that moment. It was pitchy dark where he lay, but out before him he could see the moonlight falling on the river.

With an almost dizzy brain he endeavored to study out his situation. Vague glimpses of the past flitted and flashed in painful mockery before his mental vision; but, aided by the roar of the rapids, he finally succeeded in gathering the links of his shattered memory. All the past, up to the moment it had been so suddenly and violently blotted out, burst upon his mind, causing him to start with fear and horror. His first thought was of Edith; and he started up calling her name, but there was no answer. He glanced up at the moon, and seeing the night was far advanced his heart sank within his breast. When he discovered that his rubber suit had been taken from him, grave fears took possession of his mind; for something of the real truth flashed through his perverted mind. He became sorely anxious to hear from Edith, and had resolved to cross over to the island just as he was, when a voice cried:

"Stand!"  
Frank, standing bolt upright, turned his face toward the unknown, who stood concealed in the bushes.  
"Who are you?" the voice again demanded.  
"Frank Ballard," was the answer.  
"Murderer!" hissed the unseen.  
A chill crept through Frank's heart.  
"I am not a murderer," he replied.  
"You betrayed the confidence of my sister, and then attempted to kill her."

"Whom do you mean; Edith Mount?" asked Frank.

"Yes," was the reply.

"You are mistaken," replied Frank, speaking with the candor of innocence; "I was going to the island with Edith when some devil beat me down and having stripped off my cloak flung me into the river. And there I lain for—well, I can't tell you how long. I recovered but a few moments ago. This sir, is the God's truth; and I have a wretched head as a man's arm to bear witness to what I say. Do you believe what I tell you?"

"I believe you, sir; your story corresponds exactly with Edith's supposition; and I came over here to hunt for your dead body," replied the brother.

"Then Edith is not dead?"

"No; but she is severely wounded. The demon that came to the island in your place shot her."

"Can I see her?" Frank asked.

"Not to-night; she must rest. When she learns that you are alive she'll rest easier. At first we thought you had done the shooting; but a calm second thought convinced her to the contrary."

Frank groaned in spirit, turned and sat down.

"Good-evening, Mr. Ballard," said the speaker in the shadows; then he advanced to the water's edge and was soon moving across the wire-bridge toward Castle Island.

Frank arose, bathed his aching head, and then started back to camp where he arrived about an hour before daybreak. His friends, who had passed over a restless night in consequence of his prolonged absence, were surprised by the look of pain upon his face; and at once inquired after the cause.

Frank sat down and told them all about his night's adventures, concealing nothing of the mysteries of Spirit Rapids and Castle Island.

"Well, by the witches of Salem!" exclaimed Old Wolverine, "did you ever dream of such things?"

Goliath Strong seemed wonderfully surprised by the young bee-hunter's story; and many were the expressions of surprise that passed between him and Old Wolverine in regard to the matter.

Daylight at length came, and with the first streaks of light, Wolverine shouldered his gun and set off in search of game for breakfast. In the course of an hour he returned with two fat young wild-turkeys, which he at once dressed in true hunter style, and arranged before a fire to roast.

Meanwhile, Goliath Strong and the bee-hunters had gone down to a little purring stream hard by and made a thorough ablution, which strengthened their bodies, invigorated their blood, and sharpened their appetites.

When they returned to camp the turkeys were done to a crisp brown, and ready to be served. All ate with avidity—particularly Frank, who declared he was never so hungry in his life, and that the turkey was the most delicious game he had ever tasted.

After their meal they made no move toward continuing their journey. For some reason or other, Goliath Strong and Old Wolverine concluded they had better remain there in camp a few days. They gave no reason for this inactivity; and since the bee-hunters were in no ways concerned about the Unknown Marksman, they did not insist on any explanation.

As the day advanced Wolverine again took his rifle and dogs and went in search of game. Goliath Strong seated himself at the foot of a tree and taking a slip of paper from an inner pocket busied himself for more than two hours looking over it. Ed and Frank noticed that he studied it with contracted brows, as though it contained some profound problem; but it was with a look of disappointment that he finally folded the paper and carefully replaced it in his pocket.

Thus the day wore away and night again set in. Ed and Frank laid down to rest. Old Wolverine left camp and went scouting in the direction of Spirit Rapids. Goliath Strong alone remained seated by the camp-fire, and when assured that his companions were asleep he took out that same paper and again began its study. Frank, who lay with his head partially covered with his hat, slyly watched the giant hunter. He could not sleep, for he thought the two hunters were acting rather queerly. He did not know what to make of their conduct; and, feigning sleep, determined to watch them over.

Goliath pondered and grimaced over the paper for hours, and would have probably continued so all night, had Old Wolverine not returned.

"Make anything out yit, G'lar?" the wolf-hunter asked, as he leaned his gun against a tree and removed his accouterments.

"Not a thing," Goliath replied, with a frown that denoted his vexation; "it is just like confusion, with footing enough to lead one deeper and deeper into its tangled mazes."

"Hav'n't you showed it to the boys, yit?"

"No; I thought I would work it out, and then, if I couldn't figure it out, I would turn it over to them," replied Goliath.

"They might fetch it, G'lar," replied Wolverine; "for I tell ye them boys are long-headed."

"I'll let them into it to-morrow," declared Goliath.

Wondering what secret existed between the hunters, in which he was soon to become a confidant, Frank Ballard went to sleep, and slept soundly until all were awakened the next morning by the startling report of a rifle in camp.

Springing to their feet, they saw Old Wolverine standing at one side, with his rifle in hand, while down in the hollow, about seventy paces away, a deer lay struggling in its death-throes.

"We'll have roasted venison for breakfast," announced the hunter.

"And when we have breakfasted, boys," said Goliah, addressing Frank and Ed, "I have a puzzle, or problem, that I want you to help me work out."

"What kind of a problem?" asked Ed.

"A financial problem—one worth a fortune to your young friend, Nathan Darrall."

### CHAPTER XX.

CAPTAIN SPENCER GETS A "WELT."

On the fourth night after the meeting at the Five Points, four men emerged from the shadows of the woods, and paused on the river bank opposite Castle Island. They were all well armed, which was evidence of their being upon the trail of the dread Unknown Marksman.

One of them was Randolph Spencer; another James Trimble; the other two were lumbermen.

"Right here," the captain said, as he paused near the foot of the rapids, "is that concealed bridge of which I was telling you. You will all have to use extreme care in crossing, for only one can cross at a time. A misstep will be to accept of such self-sacrifice in his behalf, since he had but little money to pay to them; and even this they refused when he offered it to them."

When he was about ready to leave the cabin Ida approached him with a handsome sporting rifle and accouterments, and said:

"Nattie, I am not going to give you this rifle, but loan it to you, seeing you have none. No one should go unarmed in the woods nowadays. Besides," and a blush stole over her pretty face, "you will have to come back here to accept of it to me."

"Couldn't I send it back?" he asked.

"No, sir," she replied, and a smile wreathed her lips. "I will receive it from no one but you."

"Then I will accept of your proffered loan for the sake of coming back; for the fact of it is, Ida, I hate to go away. Since my advent here, a great change has come over my happiness and peace of heart; and the Blue Marsh, and the people dwelling here, will ever stand foremost in my memory. You may think me very foolish, Ida, for saying so, but I came here I have learned to love, and you are the object of that love."

Ida's head dropped and a crimson flush overspread her face. Nathan's words had fallen upon her ears like the sweet inspiration of a song. Her thoughts ran back over the past. She recalled her last meeting with Spencer, and his definition of love; then she looked into her young heart and asked herself whether or not she loved Nathan Darrall; but whatever answer she found there, she made no reply to Nathan's impassioned words.

Nathan had been encouraged in his confession of love by her remarks concerning the gun; and her silence now, was to him full of the happiest meaning. Instinct, rendered acute by love, told him this.

Having bidden the old folks good-by, Nathan took his departure, accompanied by da, who was to take him across the creek in her boat. They walked leisurely down the green island-slope to the creek, launched the boat and embarked. Nathan took the paddle, and seating himself by Ida on the middle seat, paddled out into the center of the stream, and then let the boat drift at the will of the current.

"Ida," he then said, "I do wish I lived near the Blue Marsh."

"I am sure it is not a very romantic place," she said; her eyes looking up into his and beaming with joy.

"No; but those around it make it attractive to me—your particular, Ida. To you I owe my life; you have won my heart, and oh, if my love could only be reciprocated, then could I go away and return with a light footstep and happy mind."

"Nathan, you will ever be welcomed at our humble home," the maiden replied.

"As a friend?"

"As a dear friend."

"Can I never call you by any more endearing name, Ida? Could I not some day have the privilege of calling you my little wife?"

Ida's eyes drooped shyly, and her lips quivered as she replied:

"Nattie, I do love you, but I could never think of leaving my mother and grandpa."

"You never shall, Ida!" he exclaimed, in a passion of love, drawing her to his side and imprinting a kiss upon her brow. "It is enough for me to know that you love me. I can wait, for I am but a boy yet. Some day, perhaps, our love and our lives can be forever sealed."

Ida lifted her eyes and glanced away toward the forest as if looking into the future—to that blissful day. But the smile of infinite glory that lit up her lovely, childlike face faded away, and a cloud, whose darkness seemed to overshadow her young heart, settled upon her brow when she caught sight of Captain Spencer coming up the creek.

"Do not build up your future hopes on that, Nattie," she responded, "for they may be blasted. My mother and grandfather wish me to marry Captain Randolph Spencer."

A sigh that almost deepened into a groan escaped Nattie's lips.

"At first they discouraged Mr. Spencer's suit," Ida continued; "but he is rich and promises them a home of plenty; and as they are growing old, and we are very poor, would it be right for me to disobey them, Nathan?"

"Ida, this is terrible news to me—a hard question for me to answer conscientiously; for while it is your duty to obey your parents, it seems cruel in them to inflict a life of misery on their child by having her marry Randolph Spencer, who I have always heard is a bad man. Talk with your people, Ida, and perhaps they will think better of your happiness. I am a poor boy, with a widowed mother depending upon me for sustenance; but I am not only willing to work for you, but for them also. Tell them of our love, and the misery our separation will entail upon our lives. I know your mother is too noble and generous-hearted to insist upon a life of misery for her child. In a day or two I will come back—yes, I will return every day, Ida, until I know it is useless for me to come again."

By this time the boat had drifted some distance down the creek, and so, dipping the paddle, Nattie sent the craft ashore. As he rose to depart, he took Ida's hand in his, and stooping, imprinted a kiss upon her lips; then tearing himself away and leaping ashore, he bid her adieu, and turning, walked rapidly away, his young heart in a tumult of joy and fear combined.

Tears came into the maiden's eyes as she watched the manly form of her boy lover receding in the distance; and a mental abstraction settled over her mind. She had forgotten that she had seen the form of Captain Spencer some distance down the creek, until startled from her reverie by the sound of approaching footsteps.

Looking up, she saw Captain Spencer standing on the bank of the creek, with one foot on the prow of the boat.

"Good-morning, Miss Zane!" he said, rather sarcastically, as he unceremoniously stepped into the canoe and seated himself; "I hope I find you well; I see you are looking very happy."

"Quite happy, indeed," she answered, a little disturbed by his rudeness of manner.

"I should think so," he continued, with a frown, "when you can ride out with a young adventurer like the one that just left

## PODDLE SMOKES.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

A burning shamb and so it is  
Is your tobacco-smoking,  
And that thing's got to be dried up;  
Now, I'll tell you what I think about it!  
We smoke or six cigars a day!  
Your purse won't stand the suction,  
And as a consequence my bills  
Must suffer a reduction.

My language fails me just to see  
The way in which you're going,  
And if I can talk a man into it,  
I'll give you such a blowin'!  
You'd endure without complaint  
Your follies without number,  
And you don't care a cent how much  
They keep me from my slumber.

You know I've got no words to waste,  
Yet all I say are wasted;  
If I could talk a man into it,  
My language would have tasted.  
Your habits have been bad enough,  
And awful in a measure;  
I'd like to give you some advice  
I had breath and leisure.

I'd make you smoke to your content,  
But in another fashion.  
And then your ville lobes fumes  
They burn with passion.  
Don't blow your smoke into my face!  
You are not—yes, you are, sir!  
You'll find there's fire somewhere else  
Than there on your cigar, sir.

If I get married after this  
'Twill not be to a smoker:  
A man thinks little of his life  
Who's too fond to choke him.  
The wild tobacco-smell you have  
I hate it worse than treason;  
I haven't kissed you for a year,  
And you know that's the reason.

If I begin upon this theme  
I'm sure th' ill be no stopping;  
If I had the command of speech  
I'd set you soon in the right path.  
I'll tell you to smoke some, too!  
Yes, how'd you like the sight, sir?  
My mother did? I know she did;  
I'll get a pipe to night, sir.

You earn the money you smoke up?  
If you had many a woman  
You'd have but little for cigars—  
You think you're a man!

If your expenditures were less  
Than what they are, I'm thinking  
You'd spend that sum some foolish way—  
Perhaps you'd go to drinking.

You'd go from very bad to worse,  
Though there is little room, sir.  
And some day I'll translate words:  
You use them more than room, sir?

If my kills me, too, to talk,  
And if you don't quit, sir,  
The stamp of a cigar will be  
The stamp on which we'll split, sir.

## Schamyl.

## THE CAPTIVE PRINCE:

OR,

## The Cossack Envoy.

A Story of Russian Life and Adventure.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ,  
AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD-HUNTERS," "CAVALRY CUSTER," ETC.

IV.

ZISKA HOFFMAN stood at the summit of the tower of Ivan the Terrible, and beheld beneath his feet the vast city of Moscow, glittering in the morning sun. Around him rose the spires of minarets of the marvelous cathedral, gleaming with bright gold, flaming in all the colors of the rainbow. Below stretched out the great city for miles in all directions. He was in the Kremlin, the great palace of the Tsar, with its grounds two miles in circumference. Near by, the great bells were thundering out their chimes, for it was a feast day—the feast of St. Nicholas.

"Ah, Petrusha," said the traveler, heartily, "this is indeed a city worth seeing, and a wonderful palace."

Petrusha only bowed. He never presumed to offer any observations to his new master.

"And now, Petrusha," said the journalist, "where is this Troitsa Monastery that I hear so much about? I have seen the Kremlin and cathedrals; I have seen your grand fortresses, but I have heard so much about this monastery that I must see that, too. I think we'll drive there to-morrow."

Petrusha elevated his shoulders deprecatingly.

"I tried to correct your excellency, but it is not possible. The monastery is forty miles off. Your excellency must go by rail."

Ziska smiled.

"I have taken a fancy to drive," he said. "I came to Russia to see the country and the people, not to ride in rail-cars. I could do that at home. I shall take a troika and get post horses on the road."

Petrusha shrugged his shoulders again.

"Very well, one of noble blood. There is no law against it that I know of. General Dragonoffsky ordered that you should have all possible liberty within certain limits."

Ziska looked thoughtfully at the Russian.

"See here, Petrusha," he said, harshly, "when it is quite necessary to speak of General Dragonoffsky's orders, as for instance if I disobey them, you can tell me. When it is not, hold your tongue, or I may take a fancy to go back and see the general about the insolence of his spy. Do you understand?"

Petrusha turned pale. He knew that his orders were very strict to use respect to the man he was watching, and he knew that he had no power to prevent Ziska doing as he threatened. "Pardon, one of noble blood," he stammered. "I will endeavor to do my duty by your excellency indeed. I am at your excellency's orders entirely."

"I will come along," said Ziska, more good-naturedly, and they descended the steps and left the Kremlin by the celebrated Spass Vorota or "Savior's Gate." Over the great brick arch hung a picture of the Virgin and Child, in bright mosaic, with a gold background, and Petrusha took off his fur cap and made a low obeisance before the picture. The American likewise removed his hat, for to do otherwise at the Spass Vorota brings down the police very quickly.

Outside the walls of the Kremlin stretched a broad open space, and above a hundred yards from the place was a great crowd of troikas (Russian sledges) with the drivers all clattering away in the true Jeju style of all the world.

As the young traveler approached, the shouting crowd he glanced his eye quickly over the horses. The animals were stamping and pawing the ground, shaking the bells of their dugas, and all were gayly decorated with colored ribbons.

On the left of the line was a large troika the only ornament of which was a knot of sky-blue ribbon at the top of the dugas.

"Petrusha, I like the looks of those horses," said the American, in a brisk, decided manner. "This is my troika. Those fellows can take me to Troitsa easy enough before night, for the day is still young."

Petrusha looked alarmed.

"By no means, your excellency. Yonder is the team of bays that brought us from the hotel. It will be impossible for any one team to drive to the monastery in one day. We must use the podvoronaya and get post-horses."

"Oh, nonsense," said Ziska, continuing to walk to the strange troika. "I've heard so much about the speed and bottom of your Russian horses I'm going to try them. Halloa, you, iš vostoshik! How much will you charge to take me to the Troitsa Monastery?"

He addressed a tall, Herculean fellow with

black eyes and beard and a strong aquiline face, a very different figure from the squat, snub-nosed, Tartar-looking Russian, and the man immediately answered, in broken English;

"Very good, English lord. Troitsa, twenty roubles. Good horse, Cossack, never tire. Good."

The man had not been shouting like the rest, but had advanced quietly as if only trying to catch the American's eye. Petrusha now interfered with a flood of voluble Russian to the driver, interspersed with English appeals to Ziska.

"Consider, your excellency, I don't know this man and he may lose your excellency among robbers. I am responsible for your excellency's safety. (Go away, pig of a Cossack, or I'll have you known)—this in Russian.) Let your excellency be persuaded and start in good time to-morrow."

Ziska Hoffman made no answer, neither did the big driver. The American simply stepped into the troika and sunk down amid the white wolf-skins with which it was filled, while the driver jumped up on the box and gathered up the reins.

Then Petrusha was thoroughly frightened.

"Oh, one of noble blood, do not trust this man. He is a Don Cossack, a robber of the steppes. He will kill you."

"Poshol, išvostoshik! (Go ahead, driver)" was the only reply Ziska deemed necessary. The big driver cracked his whip, and the three black horses started down the life street to the city gates. They were soon in the city. As they started, Petrusha hid his eyes behind the shield of the sledges, with his teeth set. He shouted no more, but had evidently made up his mind to accept the situation with the best grace he could. Ziska said nothing, and the driver was silent, as they dashed down the street. Ten minutes of such rapid work brought them to the city gates, and then it appeared what Petrusha was about to do. As they came near the gate, which was flanked, as usual in walled towns, by a guard-house, he suddenly climbed into the troika and took a seat by Ziska.

"Now, sir," he said, savagely, dropping all his respect, "we have got far enough. Order the driver to stop, and I call the guard."

Then the wild driver changed a sudden decision. He drew up the wolf-skin in front, so as to cover him up to the chin, with a flap covering Petrusha, hiding his right arm from the view of all but the spy, and Petrusha saw the muzzle of a revolver close to his heart. The American's left arm was around the Russian, drawing him up to the pistol. He said not a word, but his eye gleamed with such a devilish expression that the spy, in spite of his strength, turned pale and trembled. As he did so they were almost at the gate, the horses going faster than ever. The wild driver waved his lash in the air and shouted something in Russian as they passed over the white field of ice, till they entered a wide street of trees, and a moment later Moscow had disappeared from view behind a dense screen of verdure.

The next moment they were through the gate, out of the beaten track, and skimming over a white sheet of gleaming ice, as smooth as a mirror, the bells jangling so loud as to drown Petrusha's voice, had he dared to shout. But there seemed to be no fear of that. The spy sat as if transfixed, gazing at the muzzle of the pistol, which almost touched his side. He was evidently cowering for the time by the slender young man beside him. So away went the troika over the white field of ice, till they entered a wide street of trees, and a moment later Moscow had disappeared from view behind a dense screen of verdure.

Not till then did the wild driver slacken his pace. He pulled up his team till the shaft-horse was trotting and the outsiders were at a gentle canter. Then he tied the end of his reins into a bunch, and made a sudden spring from the box, alighting on the back of the shaft-horse as if he were used to that sort of exercise. With perfect coolness he untied the bells from the dugas of the horse and put them in his breast, then, without stopping, jumped back on the box, gathered up his reins and drove on, an' every reed-point is an icicle.

"Tain't easy, my boy," says Jack.

"I know that, Jack; of course it isn't easy, but you'll do it for me."

"I won't promise," says Jack, "because I ain't a-goin' to lie to you."

"Will you promise to try?"

"I'll do that much; yes, I'll try."

That was all he said. When the grog was mixed with water, he didn't touch it. The men looked at him in wonder. Some of them had known Jack for years, an' in all that time they never had known him to refuse a drink. When his watch was called Jack went on deck, an' the young middy came up to him.

"Well?" he says.

"I done it once, for you," he said. "I won't promise to do it ag'in."

But he did, again and again, an' it got noised about that the coxswain was trying to reform. Some of the roughs—he hem' em' on board every ship—tried to laugh him out of it, but they didn't run on Jack long; his fist was too heavy! An' when we run on Canton, two weeks after, Jack hadn't touched a drop, an' after we had cast anchor the commander sent for him to the cabin.

"Bushy," he said, "I hear a very good account of you."

Jack pulled his forelock an' looked pleased. It was the first good word he'd had from a commander in many a long day.

"Yes, my man," said the commander. "I like sober men, an' particularly when they steer my boat. I'll keep an' eye on you if you keep it up, an' I think you will, you shall have no occasion to be sorry. You can go."

It seemed to me that Jack was two inches taller than the young middy, an' he walked straight up to the middy.

"I've quit," he said; "you may put it down with a big mark; Jack Bushy has taken his last drink of grog."

"Then I've done some good in coming on board the Huntress, Jack," said the middy, but—"

At this moment the boy's pipe was heard.

"Gigs away!"

That was our boat, an' we jumped. Up came the old man, in full uniform, an' we pulled him to the flag-ship, which lay at anchor not far away. We stayed in the boat, an' in half an hour the commander was back, looking serious, an' Jack we went, an' to the surprise of every one of the order came to get up the anchor.

An' hour later we were running down the coast.

"At this moment the boy's pipe was heard.

"I wonder what's up, Jack?" I says.

"I reckon it's a fight," he says. "One of the men on the Flag as good as said we was going down to bombard the Cochin-Chinese."

"An' that was it. An American ship had been wrecked on their coast, an' they had taken the crew an' captain prisoners, an' the admiral had sent the Huntress down to see about it. A week after, we lay off one of their forts, where the prisoners were, an' sent a flag to demand them. They sent up word to come an' take them."

"They had meant fight, and a big fight, too. They had two thousand men in the fort, an' there ain't any better fighters in China than these men. They are more like the Malays than the Chinese, and we knew that our work was cut out for us. So we got out the boats, an' landed a hundred an' fifty men, on the beach below the fort, covered by the fire of the Huntress, which kept the devils in their works. Every man had two revolvers an' his cutlass, an' though they were fifteen to one, we didn't seem to care. Just as we formed, Jack saw Willie Brown among the stormers.

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"They never see such weepins, an' I reckon they never want to ag'in!"

"Silence!" cried Lieutenant Extein. "Ready, boys; boards over away!"

Then came the battle-yell of our blue-jackets, an' with a revolver in one hand an' cutlass in the other, we scaled the works an' attacked them. The beggars were so tickled at the idea of a hundred an' fifty men charging them, that they never closed their gates, an' half the men charged right up through the gateway, driving the yellow cusses before them like sheep.

They never see such weepins, an' I reckon they never want to ag'in!"

The cutlass, used by a handy sailor, is bad enough, but the revolving Colts was what bothered them. They had muskets of a rough make, but we was on them so quick they couldn't use them, an' the way we piled them up with the revolvers was just a sin. Most of them ran like men, but four or five hundred of the best ringed around the governor, brought down their long swords, an' charged us.

"It's a mighty easy life, when you come to simmer it down. First, you've got a big ship an' room to swing a hammock; next the grub comes regular an' is always good, an' the grub is fast-class; an' last, they don't send up three or four poor devils to do all the work in the tops, when

they git short-handed, because there's always men enough to do the work."

But, that ain't neyther here nor there. The sloop-of-war Huntress was lying off League Island, and waiting for the lieutenant commander, an' I was in her, stationed in the larboard-quarter watch, mess number ten, in the forecastle, and pulled number two in the captain's gig. We hadn't seen the lieutenant yet, but we heard he was a roarer, that made his mark on the mass-pot. He was ordered for China, and I was to be the commander-in-chief before we sailed, an' byenday we came alongside in a shore-boat, an' brought a little middy with him, as hansom a chap as ever you see with a face like a girl, an' brown hair an' sun'ny eyes. We was all so took with him that we didn't half heve eyes for the lieutenant, a rather youngish man, almost like a boy, but with an eye that meant business.

"Pipe all hands to muster, Mr. Extein," says the commander, as he came up the side. "Station for getting under way, sir."

You ought to see us wade through them! Jack was everywhere. His revolver never cracked but a yell Mongol went down, an' when his cutlass hit a man, it just clove him to the chin. We scattered the body-guard, an' Lieutenant Extein took the governor with his own hand, when we heard a cry, an' there was Willie Brown in the gateway, hurried along by two big rascals, with half a hundred more all boyo die."

The next minnit he was among them, cutting right an' leant, an' had the boy out of their grip, an' the two men who held him under his feet. They turned on him like tigers, and a dozen swords were at his breast at once. But he beat down the blades, an' for a while held his own, covering the boy, who was wounded in the right arm, with his own body. A dozen of us went at them, cutlass in hand, an' scattered them to the four winds; an' then we saw poor Jack on the ground, blood from head to foot, an' Willie trying to raise him.

"Hit hard, my boy!" he murmured. "Saved you, anyhow, an' I don't care for this old boy."

Then all was still, an' the boy fell sobbing beside the silent form of the brave coxswain. We lifted the wounded man tenderly, an' carried him down to the boats, an' on board the ship. For weeks it was touch an' go, for the coxswain was terribly cut up, but at last they brought him round; an' I think it made him well on the spot when Willie put a bos'n's warrant into his hand, given for his bravery in the attack on the fort.

Willie Brown is third lieutenant now, an' Jack's still on his ship. An' I think he'd go down among the common passengers sooner than he'd be in the same ship with his favorite; an' from that day on he can't get the grog-tub an' never taste it, an' the young lieutenant will never lose the name of the "Coxswain's Pet."

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